

BOYS, READ THE RADIO ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER

PLUCK AND LUCK

STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

HARRY E. WOLFF, PUBLISHER, INC., 166 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK

No. 1356

NEW YORK, MAY 28, 1924

Price 8 Cents

THE BOYHOOD DAYS OF "PAWNEE BILL" OR, FROM THE SCHOOLROOM TO THE FRONTIER.



The rope about the neck of the unfortunate youth was cut, and, standing between Dollie and Gordon, he gazed with wondering, frightened eyes upon the crowd of rough, angry men, held at bay by the revolvers in the hands of the brave boy and girl.

Are You A Radio Fan? Read Pages 24 and 25

PLUCK AND LUCK

Issued weekly—Subscription price, \$4.00 per year; Canada, \$4.50; Foreign, \$5.00. Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 164 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, February 10, 1913, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 1356

NEW YORK, MAY 28, 1924

Price 8 Cents.

The Boyhood Days of "Pawnee Bill"

OR, FROM THE SCHOOLROOM TO THE FRONTIER

By AN OLD SCOUT

CHAPTER I.—Graduated.

A storm of applause greeted Gordon Lillie as he stepped out before the vast throng of men, woman and children, to deliver his oration. It was the last day of the high school in the town of Bloomington, which is in Illinois, and the handsome, spirited lad of sixteen was a general favorite there. Everyone liked him; he was brave, generous, just, and had never been known to do an unjust thing in his life. In a musical, ringing voice he delivered his oration, which was a masterly composition, and when it was ended, every person present felt that he would surely take the prize, for it was the finest they had ever heard. His brown eyes glowed, his cheeks flushed, and his father, who was on the front row of seats, felt his bosom swell with pride.

There was one person present, however, who was not pleased at the success of Gordon Lillie, and that one was a swarthy, low-browed boy of about the same age as our hero. His black eyes glittered snakishly as he darted a look of hate and jealousy at the manly young fellow when he saw him openly congratulated by the head teacher. His name was Matt Robe, and he was the son of a half-breed Indian who had been in the employ of Gordon's father. When he died, some years before the opening of our story, he left his only child penniless and alone, and but for the kind heart of his employer he would have been cast adrift upon the world.

As it was, he gave him a home and the same advantages his own boy had. Both attended the high school together; both were to graduate at the same time, and while Gordon Lillie looked upon him as almost in the light of a brother, Matt Robe hated him secretly.

"How I do hate him, with his curly hair and his fair skin," he muttered. "One would think he was a god the way they all run after him! Why? Simply because he has a handsome face and a silvery tongue, while I am dark and ugly and never know what to say. Bah! this world is composed of strange people, but there may come a day when Gordon Lillie will not be the hero that he is now. At any rate I shall hope for it."

And that was all the gratitude Matt Robe had for the kind-hearted man who had befriended him. He would stab the hand that had saved him.

Gordon Lillie did take the prize, and when the exercises were at an end and people crowded around him, congratulating him upon his triumphant success, it was only natural that he should feel a thrill of pride, but at the same time his mind was bent upon something entirely different. He was sorry too for Matt Robe, for he well knew how confident he had been that he would win it.

That same evening Gordon's father summoned the boy to his study and had a long talk with him. It was his wish that he should at once enter upon a profession of some kind or go into business.

"For there is no time like youth to get a start, my son," he said, by way of closing the conversation, "and the quicker you begin the better it will be for you. Now, what do you think you would like best?"

"Really, father, I cannot say just at present," he answered, a strange glow in his bright brown eyes. "You will have to give me time to think it over. I do not want to decide in a hurry, for in less than a year I would be likely to change my mind, and then it would be so much lost time. I want to be sure before I make a start."

But for some time afterwards when he was alone he sat quietly thinking, his young face grave and thoughtful.

"I'll do it," he suddenly exclaimed, bringing his fist down upon his knee. "For I'll never be happy or even contented if I do as father wants me to—I was never cut out for such a life, and I would be a failure just as sure as I start in upon it, so I'll say nothing to anyone, but very quietly go away as I have intended. I know father will be angry at first, but he will soon get over it, and in the end it will be the best for all concerned. I will lose no time either, for the quicker I go, the better. To-morrow night will be a good time. I'll get ready to-morrow, and by this time I'll be on my way, for I never can spend my life here."

CHAPTER II.—The Runaway.

The boy who had carried off the highest honors at school that day slept very peacefully the night he determined to leave the paternal roof and make his own way in the world. The town where he was born, and where his brief life had been passed, was altogether too tame and dull to satisfy his restless, ambitious nature, and he had made up his mind to run away and seek his fortune in the Far West. He could not bear the thought of plodding along in the same uneventful way, year after year, as his friends and neighbors did. At the same time there was nothing to do but to go without asking him.

Bright and early the following morning he was up and astir. He did not have very elaborate preparations to make for the journey, but he wanted to have everything in readiness. There were several small articles he wished to purchase, among them a pair of revolvers, and with those gleaming weapons in his possession he already felt himself a true Westerner. He did not know that close behind him, dogging his footsteps, spying upon his every move, came Matt Robe. All unconscious that he was being watched, he went from store to store, his heart beating high in anticipation of the wonderful journey he was going upon.

"I wonder what he is buying a revolver for," the spy muttered to himself. "He surely does not intend to shoot anyone, for he is a very peaceable fellow, and yet when he is really mad—whew—but the fur flies! He is up to something, though, there's no getting around that, and I am going to find out what it is as sure as my name is Matt Robe. Ah, I have it," suddenly. "I'll bet five dollars that he is going to run away, and I hope he will. He has always been in my way, and the sooner he goes the better for me. I shall not tell his father, for if he knew it he would try and keep him here."

That day passed very quickly to the boy, although he was eager to be off on his journey to the great West. Every move he made during the day was carefully watched by Matt Robe, and the young scoundrel chuckled to himself in glee, as he thought of his rival being out of his way forever. His heart was bad enough to kill him had he the opportunity. At last darkness unfolded the world. The moon had hidden herself beneath a cloud for a time, and in less than one short hour Gordon Lillie would be on his way to the Far West.

He went quietly to his room, the same as he had done for years, save that instead of going to bed he sat down beside the open window and looked out into the moonlight, waiting for the time to come when he could steal out unobserved. It was close upon the midnight hour when he crept cautiously from the house. The moon was high in the heavens above, and as he turned and looked back, it seemed to him that his home had never looked one-half as pleasant as it did upon the night when he was leaving it forever. Still he did not falter. One backward glance, one silent prayer of blessing for those who slept so peacefully beneath its roof, and Gordon Lillie turned his face toward the future, leaving home and friends behind.

CHAPTER III.—At Wichita.

Not until he was on the train flying through Western village and towns did the boy begin to fully realize what he had done, and then, as it all rushed over him, his heart gave a great leap of exultation and his eyes shone.

"I am at last on the way to fortune," he muttered, excitement lending a new charm to the adventure. "And I shall never go home until I am a rich man. Hurrah for the freedom of the Far West! It is life there—behind me, stagnation."

After a somewhat uneventful journey he landed at Wichita, it being then the end of the railroad, and he struck the town at the right time, for it was during the excitement of the cattle shipment, and the town was full of cowboys, horsemen, gamblers, and all such as go to make up a genuine border town. The boy's eyes sparkled when he saw the knee-boots, the buckskin breeches, the glittering spurs, the broad-brimmed hats which he had always associated with the typical Westerner, and he was thankful that he had left Bloomington far behind him.

He plunged into the enjoyments held out to him, and to say that he was happy would be drawing it altogether too mild. He had plenty of money with him, not a fortune to be sure, but enough to keep his end up with the rest. At first the cowboys whose acquaintance he made were inclined to laugh at him for being a tenderfoot, for when they called for the fiery whisky, with which the saloons of the place appeared to be flowing, he took either plain soda or lemonade.

"Lemonade!" sniffed the big, burly bartender of one rough place into which he wandered with a cowboy who went by the name of Crooked Pete. "Lemonade, did he say? Well, we don't sell any sich thing, d'ye see? Ye'll either drink the good old stuff, the same as me and Pete have done for years, or ye'll git licked, d'ye understand? Ye ain't in it this trip, kid!"

"I called for a lemonade," Gordon replied very calmly, and Crooked Pete looked at the boy in utter amazement, for in all his life he had never heard any man contradict Big Mike, the bartender, who was a terror in that part of the town. "And I usually get what I ask for."

"Oh, you do, eh?" Big Mike growled, glaring at him like a mad bull, and at the same time secretly admiring the boy's pluck and nerve, though not for all the money in Wichita would he have confessed it. "Waal, ye won't git it this time, d'ye see? The folks in this place wasn't weaned yesterday, and we don't drink swill, see?"

"Neither do I," Gordon replied with a smile, "and that is why I asked you for a lemonade. Make it good and strong, please, with plenty of sugar. And be as quick about it as you can, for I am very thirsty."

One moment Big Mike stared at the boy, his eyes fairly popping out of his head, and then in a voice that sounded like a crash of thunder he roared:

"D'e mean that fur an insult, ye young idiot? Who d'ye think ye're talking to, anyway? I tell ye that ye'll drink whisky, or I'll make it so durned lively fur ye that ye'll be mighty glad

ter git out of Wichita! Now swaller that or I'll choke the gizzard out of ye!" pushing a glass filled with the vile stuff toward the boy and another toward Crooked Pete. "There, Pete, it won't take ye very long ter hide it, and as for the kid, if he dares set it down on the bar afore it's empty I'll lick the life out of him. Drink it quick, youngster!"

Gordon lifted the glass in his hand, and holding it up so that the light shone through as he looked at it, an expression of disgust sweeping over his face. Then he deliberately dashed it on the floor. Both Big Mike and Crooked Pete had swallowed theirs, and the former looked at the lad in amazement. The big bully rolled up his sleeves, and prepared to spring over the counter, but to his great surprise he found himself looking into the shining barrel of a new revolver, while the finger of the plucky boy was upon the trigger.

"Put that revolver down!" Big Mike yelled, thinking to frighten him. "Put it down or I'll swaller ye! Blast yer impudence, who d'ye think yer fooling with?"

"Are you going to get me the lemonade or not?" was the calm question. "I think you will fare better if you do. I am only a boy, and I may be what you term a tenderfoot, but the quicker you serve me with lemonade, the better it will be for you. I will wait just five minutes, and if it's not ready by that time, then you had better get measured for a coffin. I mean business."

Big Mike had by this time arrived at the conclusion that he did mean business, and after darting another savage glance at him, he proceeded to mix the lemonade for him. In less than five minutes the delicious beverage was ready, and tossing a five-dollar bill on the bar the boy raised the glass to his lips, still being careful to keep his finger on the trigger.

"Treat yourself, and also this gentleman," he said, pleasantly. "Lemonade is my favorite drink, and I must say that you are a master hand at it. Good luck to you."

A growl from the bully, and a chuckle of delight from Crooked Pete was his answer, and when the glass was empty he sauntered coolly out of the saloon, the cowboy beside him.

"Say, youngster, I never saw Big Mike git done up before," he chuckled. "Every fellow trembles in his boots if he goes for him like he did for ye to-night, but blast my eyes if ye ain't game all the way through. Durn it, but ye're made of good stuff. And might I ask whar ye're bound fur, and what ye are going to do?"

"I am bound for no place in particular," Gordon replied promptly.

A crowd of angry-looking men were coming down the street, dragging in their midst a white-faced youth of perhaps twenty. Terror was written upon every feature, and his cries for mercy were drowned by the hoarse oaths and yells of the mob. Opposite a lamp-post they halted, and one man climbed nimbly to the top, fastening a rope around it. Then the other end was made into a noose and slipped over the head of the unhappy lad who appeared to be doomed. Gordon had never witnessed such a sight before, and his blood ran cold for he knew what it meant..

CHAPTER IV.—A New Experience.

The piteous, pealing voice of the wretched prisoner rose shrill and full of agony above the hoarse yells and cries of the maddened mob, the majority of them enraged by rum. There was but little reason among that throng of men with their passion-inflamed faces, and the unfortunate youth in their midst realized it. One long, bitter cry of despair burst from the doomed youth's lips—a cry that echoed in the ears of many of the rough crowd long afterwards, so heart-broken, so filled with agony it was—and then they prepared to draw the boy, for he was nothing more, up and launch him into eternity. The light from the lamp-post shone upon his pallid face and wild, frightened eyes, his blanched lips parted in one last, agonizing prayer. He was a handsome lad with delicate features, and fair curling hair, an entirely different type from the rough crowd in whose midst he was.

"May my foes be forgiven for this," were his last sobbing words. "For I am innocent of the awful crime of which I am accused, and in time they will know it. I do not fear to die, but oh, my mother, my poor dear old mother, it will break her heart when she learns of this. It will surely kill her, and I, ah, I love her so!"

That was more than Gordon could bear. The brave boy's heart swelled with anger, and he could remain silent no longer. Forgetful of the place he was in, the throng of determined men that surrounded him, he stepped forward, his finger pressing the trigger of his revolver.

"This boy shall have something to say," the fearless youth broke in, not caring whether he was killed the next moment or not, so long as he was in the right, "for he is innocent, and he shall speak! He at least has the right to do that. This may be your law to hang a man without giving him a chance to speak for himself, but it is not the law where I came from. I have never looked upon his face before to-night, and I may never see him again after I leave here, but I shall fight for him. The first man who seeks to harm him does so at his own peril! I am alone; I haven't a single friend in all the world to help me, but I am a firm believer in justice, and justice shall be done!"

CHAPTER V.—Dauntless Dollie.

The white-faced prisoner's lips were mute, but there were no signs of fright upon Gordon Lillie's stern face.

"I reckon yer rather green ter interfere with us in this ere little game," the man nearest him said. "And yer might as well know thet Joe Scott is about the worst man in the town ter git down on yer. He ain't no slouch, and he'll be sure ter git even with yer afore mornin'. Stranger, take my advice, and git out right lively now."

"And leave this young man to be brutally murdered?" the boy asked, his eyes flashing like fire. "What do you take me for—a coward? Do you think I will leave him in a time like this? No, not if there were ten thousand of you! Why don't you act like men and give him a chance to

prove himself innocent as I know he is. Shame upon you all! To take a boy's life—you, every one men, old enough to be his father! Shame upon the man who has basely accused him!"

An angry roar greeted this outburst, and Joe Scott shook his fist in his face.

"Drop thet gun, ye infernal young fool!" he yelled, his coarse face growing purple with anger. "Drop it before I fill ye full of holes! D'ye think Joe Scott's ther man ter stand any sich bluff from a kid? I think not. Now, I'll give ye jest five minutes ter drop thet gun, and if ye don't I'll bet thet yer deader nor a door nail inside of five seconds."

"And I'll bet that he ain't, Joe Scott!" a clear, ringing voice suddenly called out. "I'll bet that neither you nor a man in the whole crowd lays a hand on him!"

And to the utter amazement of the boy, a young girl who could have been but little older than he was, darted through the crowd and took her place beside Gordon, a revolver in each hand.

"Now, come on," she said coolly. "Come on, Joe Scott, and we'll see who takes a trip to the next world the quickest. I give you fair warning that if you attempt to injure either one of these young men, I'll get you a leaden ticket for the through express, no stops on the way, no delay before starting, not even time to say a prayer."

Before those gleaming barrels the big bully did fall back, for he knew the girl too well to disobey her warning. In Wichita no person was better known than Dollie Clayton, "Dauntless Dollie," as she was called, for there was no man or woman braver than she. They used to say that she did not know the meaning of the word fear, and it was the truth. Brave, reckless, daring, woe to anyone who crossed her path or insulted her.

"Now what does all this mean?" she demanded, still keeping the growling crowd well covered. "What dirty trick are you up to now, Joe Scott?"

"I ain't up to no trick, and it might be jest as well fer yer ter speak a bit civil, miss," he answered sullenly, glaring at her as if he would like to choke her. "Thet young cuss there with ther rope around his neck cheated me at cards ter-night, and then he up and stole ther swag. I——"

"You lie!"

Sharp, loud, and clear those two words burst from the rosy lips of the girl.

"What's thet ye said?" Joe asked in a low, hoarse voice, his face growing as black as midnight. "What's thet? D'ye dare tell me I lie, ye hussy?"

Crack! a bullet sped past the bully's ear, cutting away a lock of hair. Beneath its coating of bronze his face turned pale, for the girl's blazing eyes told him that she was in a desperate mood.

"Down on your knees, you hound, and take back that word, or the next bullet shall surely find its way straight through your cowardly heart! You know that I never miss my aim, Joe Scott!" she cried, her voice trembling with rage. "Quick or you are a dead man! I'll give you just five minutes, and then if you have not begged my pardon I'll shoot you, so help me, if I hang for it the very hour after! You are the first

man in Wichita who ever dared insult me, and you shall be the last!"

The desperate girl had an expression upon her face he dared not disregard, and he sank upon his knees before her, trembling as from a fit of ague. None of the rest dared interfere, for the barrel of one of the revolvers was pressed against his temple.

"I beg yer pardin, Miss Dollie," he mumbled, at the same time grinding his teeth in silent rage. "I'm sorry that I spoke ter ye in thet way, but ye made me so all-fired mad thet I could bite a nail in two. And I hope ye hain't goin' ter lay up nothin' agin me, fer I don't want ter——"

"That will do," she broke in shortly. "Get up, but remember that it pays better to be a gentleman—providing you know how—than a loafer."

The burly ruffian looked crestfallen enough when he rose to his feet and once more faced his companions.

"Now, order that rope cut," was Dollie's next command. "And be quick about it, for I may get tired of waiting."

The rope about the neck of the unfortunate youth was cut, and standing between Dollie and Gordon he gazed with wondering, frightened eyes upon the crowd of rough, angry men held at bay by the revolvers in the hands of the brave boy and girl. He realized that he had been doomed but for the quick-witted girl who had come to his rescue just in time.

"Now, my friend, we are ready to hear your side of the story," she said, in a kind encouraging voice, "and I for one know that you are innocent of the crime of which they accuse you. And, gentlemen," raising her voice, "please do not forget that these revolvers are self-cockers, therefore it will be rank madness to attempt any funny business here, when they are held in two pairs of strong hands. The time has come when lynch law has got to be stopped in Wichita, and every man given a fair show for his life. I am not a man, but I take the first step to-night to down it forever."

CHAPTER VI.—Saved.

A moment of silence followed the daring girl's words, and then a mighty cheer rent the air—a cheer that arose from a hundred throats that could remain silent no longer—men who believed in justice, though at the time their finer feelings had been blunted by the influence of their leader and the surroundings. After the cheering had somewhat subsided, she turned to him, saying:

"Go on with your story, my friend."

The youth looked at the sea of faces about him, and then he said in a clear, firm voice:

"The first thing I will say is that I am innocent. I swear it before all, and as I love and reverence the memory of my dear old mother. Listen. There is a lowly cottage, hundreds of miles from here, the humble home where I was born. In that cottage that dear mother kneels and prays for her wandering boy every night ere she seeks her couch to rest her weary frame. He is all she has to love in the wide world, all that is left her to comfort her in her old age. There were two of us, twin brothers, but one sleeps the eternal sleep underneath the shadow of the home-tree. It's only a step from the cottage to the

old churchyard, but to her trembling, faltering footsteps it is a wearisome distance. Every night she goes there to weep beside the beloved dead; then she returns sadly home to pray for the living. When I left her a few months ago it was in the hope of bettering my fortune, so that I might be able to make her last days happy.

"Luck has, however, been against me, and to-night, growing desperate, I broke my promise to my mother, and did the very thing I had vowed I never would do—gambled! For once good luck favored me, and I honestly won every dollar I have in my possession! When there was a cry that someone snatched the money lying on the table, and then the lights went out, I was marched out here to be hung like a dog. I won the money from Joe Scott, but I did not cheat, neither did I steal a dollar. May I never look upon my dear old mother's face if I am not innocent," he added brokenly, raising his white face upward toward the heavens above, while tears ran like rain down his white cheeks.

"May I never meet her or my dead brother in a better world if I am not telling you the truth! You may hang me if you will, there is nothing to prevent, save these two legal ones who risked their own lives to save mine. But you will be committing a murder, as foul a murder as ever a midnight assassin could do. You are a hundred to one; it is the strong against the weak, and I am at your mercy. There was a man close at Joe Scott's side," he went on eagerly. "A shabby, sinister-looking fellow, who watched every move I made, and he might know——"

"It was my father!"

That sharp, agonizing whisper came from the lips of the girl who had saved him. She had grown deathly white, and her dark, pleading eyes sought his appealingly. Like a flash he understood and he hastened to add:

"He might know who the real thief is, for he watched every move that was made. If he could be found now he might be of some use."

He was sure that Joe Scott had slipped the money to the shabby man when the lights were put out, and it was also he who started the cry that the youth was cheating at cards, simply out of revenge, because he had been fortunate enough to win at the game. And now, to learn that he was the father of this divine young creature. But for her sake he resolved to be silent. She flashed him a grateful glance and before he could say anything Joe Scott said, with an evil leer:

"Thet man ye hev jest described, stranger, is ther daddy of ther young lady thet is so all-fired interested in yer."

"He ought to be proud of his daughter," was the calm reply.

"I 'low ter let ther youngster go free," a big miner said, stepping up to the front, "fur, durn my hide, I don't believe him any more guilty nor I be, and thet ain't at all. He's young; he's got an old mother thet he's got ter take keer of, and he's been in mighty hard luck ever since he's left his home. Now, I'm a-goin' ter start up a collection fur him, and any man who ain't a durned hog will chip right in too. I hed a mother once, and durn my boots, if she hed lived I wouldn't hev been the big, wuthless cuss thet I am ter-night. Thar," taking off his hat and pouring a number of gold pieces into it. "Thar

now, some of ye galoots better do thet and ther young tenderfoot will go home flush."

It was strange how the feelings of all had changed toward the young man. A few minutes before and they were ready to hang him. Now they were giving him money. The tears of gratitude ran down his cheeks, and he was so overcome that he could hardly thank them. Dollie and Gordon led him away.

"I will take you with me to my room for the night," Gordon said. "For you will be safer there, and in the morning return to your mother, for she needs you. You will not be able to keep her with you long, and you can make her life happy. What is your name?"

"Harry Reynolds," he answered. "And may I ask yours?"

"My name is Gordon Lillie," our hero replied, "and we both know who this heroic young lady is."

"Yes, God bless her, but she is in reality an angel," the other responded fervently, raising her hand to his lips and covering it with kisses. "How shall I ever thank you?"

"By going home to your mother and staying with her until she is laid to rest beside your brother," she said, very softly, a strange, tender light in her dark eyes. "Then when the last tie that binds you to the old home is broken, you can once more return to the world you long to see."

"I will obey you," he whispered, "and to this place I shall first turn, because you are here. May I hope to see you some time and tell you all that is in my heart for you."

She looked at him a moment in silence, then her cheeks glowed like a damask rose.

"Why not tell me now?" she asked, with a smile. "For Wichita is a long, long ways from where you will go."

Gordon suddenly discovered that there was some interesting object he wished to see a little ways off, and whistling to himself he strolled away, leaving the couple standing alone. The young man took the brave girl's hands within his own, but she quickly withdrew them while her bright face clouded. The next moment she had disappeared, leaving the astonished youth standing in the night alone. He stared blankly after her, but he could not know the pain that racked her proud heart. Little did he dream either of how their lives were to be twined and blended together in the near future. Not all joy, to be sure, say more of sorrow, but precious for all that. He went to Gordon's Lillie's room, for he knew he would be safer there. And while they discussed his return home on the morrow, Dauntless Dollie knelt weeping in her rude cabin realizing that happiness never could be hers.

CHAPTER VII.—A Plot To Ruin Our Hero.

An hour after Dollie had crept up to her miserable little bed under the eaves, her father, drunk and brutal, came staggering along toward the cabin, singing and muttering to himself in maudlin glee. Stumbling over the threshold he fell into a chair beside the rough table, and pulling a big black bottle out of his pocket, he put it to his lips.

"I wonder if thet hussy is here yet," he mut-

tered, thickly, setting the bottle again upon the table, but with considerable less liquor than was in it before.

He got upon his feet with an effort, and staggered clumsily toward the rude ladder that led to the loft above. He could hardly stand, but he was able to take down from the wall the big strap that hung just below the ladder.

"Here, Doll, I want ye!" he shouted. "D'ye hear me, ye hussy? I tell ye ter git down here, and be mighty quick about it, too. Are ye comin'?"

No sound. His only reply was the faint, far-away sound of the voices of the merry cowboys, who were at that hour turning Wichita into a perfect bedlam with their songs and laughter.

"Are ye comin' down, ye hussy? Are ye goin' ter pay any heed ter what I've got ter say ter ye, or be yer goin' ter stay up thar and sulk all right? Curse ye, but ye can't work that game on me! Yer like yer mother—a high-strung piece thet's above everything else upon earth. Come down, ye hussy, or I'll come and fetch ye down!"

Still no answer, and as he swayed unsteadily to and fro, it seemed ridiculous to think of anyone in his condition ascending the ladder.

Mumbling to himself, he staggered back to the table, and another deep draught of the fiery stuff soon dimmed what reason he had left. How long he slept he did not know, but he was aroused by feeling a heavy hand laid lightly upon his shoulder, and the next moment a heavy voice exclaimed:

"I say, ole man, what are ye doin' here asleep? Wake up and let a feller know what's goin' on, can't yer? I ain't no slouch, but I ain't a swell, and I want ter know what ther gal hes agin me. She's showed ther white feather fur ther first time, and I'm so mighty sick of it thet I'm gittin' tired. She's either got ter shake that feller thet she saved from hangin', or else I'll give her ther go by—see?"

"Drunk as he was, Sam Clayton recognized the voice of his friend Joe Scott.

"Be thet ye, Joe?" the drunken man asked in a thick voice, raising his head while a grim smile lingered about his lips. "Why can't ye wake a man up without spoiling his sleep and scaring him half to death? Ye're a mighty smart one, ye are, and I hain't no use fur sich as ye. Come now, git up, and see what ye kin do. Are ye goin' ter stay here all night, anyway?"

"You fool, you are drunk again," Joe Scott muttered with an oath, "and there's no use in trying to git around it. I kin see as well as the next one, and the quicker ye git over this ther better. Whar's Dollie? I don't see her about here now."

"She ain't in," Sam Clayton replied, sullenly, "and I hev yelled till I'm black in the face. But it didn't do no good. If she war up there I know she would answer me, but she ain't. She ain't thar, if she was she would answer me, for she's afraid of her ole daddy. I ain't so very much of a man, but I ain't so bad but what she's afraid ter try and fool me, and——"

"She's with that baby-faced puppy she saved from being hanged ter-night," he answered with a growl, "and if I lay my hands on him I'll kill him as sure as my name is Joe Scott. I ain't a good man, you know that, Sam, but I love thet

gal of yours and I'm goin' ter hev her, come what may. I swar it!"

Bending low his head, he whispered a few words in Sam Clayton's ears. They were only a few, and yet they were enough to set his nerves a-tingle, for it was a plot to ruin our hero, body and soul—a plot deep and dark enough for a fiend to plan!

CHAPTER VIII.—Warned by Dauntless Dollie.

Forgetting all caution, the two plotters raised their voices, and Dollie listening above could not fail to catch every word. They did not dream that she was there, so they had no fear. The girl's blood ran cold with horror as she heard the fiendish plot.

"Ye know Long Jack hes got a heap of ther stuff with him ter-night, Sam," Joe Scott went on, in a voice that the listening girl could hear very plainly, "and this is ther way I'm a-goin' ter fix it. He's putty full, is Jack to-night, and he's been blowin' all ther boys off in great style. Everybody in Wichita is on ter the fact thet Jack won it playin', and this is what we'll do. I'll find Jack, and git him ter take a few more drinks, then when he's so durned full thet he can't navigate, I'll make out thet I'm a-takin' him ter his room, and when I git him in a dark corner I'll knife him! Then——"

"Great Caesar!" gasped Sam Clayton, who, bad as he was and utterly degraded, was not prepared for such cold-blooded murder. "Great Caesar, Joe! Ye—ye can't mean thet yer a-goin' ter kill Jack out and out. I——"

"Shut up, yer fool, yer a-showin' ther white feather already," Joe Scott growled savagely, shaking the trembling man roughly by the arm. "D'ye want ter let ther hull town hear ye? Ye never did know anything, anyhow, Sam Clayton, arter ye hed put a few glasses of bad whisky inside yer jacket. Now, be ye ready ter go with me, or be ye a-goin' ter sneak out of it like a cur? Answer me, quick, or I'll fix ye so ye won't tell on me, so help me Caesar!"

"Nary a flunk, Joe. I'll stand by yer, and if we hev ter swing, we'll swing together, or——"

"Hush, ye fool! Why in thunder will ye insist on lettin' thet tongue o' your'n run like a shuttle?" Joe Scott interrupted, angrily. "Ye are a fool, Sam Clayton, and if ye don't shut up I'll knife you on the spot! I could swar thet I heerd somebody movin' 'bout in ther loft, and I'm goin' ter climb up and see fur myself."

With those words he ascended the ladder. He did not go clear up, for he could see plainly from where he was standing, and there was no one in sight. Dollie had rolled under the rude bunk the moment she heard his declaration, and she lay there breathless, her heart throbbing hot and thick. But, ah! what a feeling of relief it was when she heard him call out:

"Thar's nary a soul here, Sam. It must have been a mouse or rat runnin' across ther floor. I didn't know but what it was Dollie hidin' up thar, and she'd sneak off and warn thet feller even if she knew we'd hev ter swing, fur she's thet kind. Curse her anyway—and yet, durn her, I can't help wantin' her. Think of it, Sam, makin' me, Joe Scott, git down on my knees afore ther hull crowd ter-night and beg her pardon!

But I'll make her sorry when I git her, ye kin bet yer life on thet!"

"And sarve her good and right, Joe," Sam Clayton responded with a leer. "Fur she's too mighty good fur these ere diggin's, so she thinks. Give it to her good, Joe, when yer git her. She's like a balky horse. It don't do to pamper them; ye want ter lick the cussedness out of 'em."

"Let me alone fur thet," was the impatient retort. "But come along, thar's no time ter lose."

The two worthies had barely left the cabin when Dollie crept cautiously down the ladder, her face whiter than marble, her eyes glittering like twin stars.

"I must save them," she muttered nervously. "I must save the two brave youths, for if Joe Scott's evil plot works, and it is carried out as he wants it, no power upon earth can save them from being lynched under my very eyes."

Like a shadow she flitted through the moonlight, in the direction of the rude two story hotel where Gordon and Harry Reynolds were. At first she thought to call them downstairs, then she decided that it would be better for her to go to them, for her father or Joe Scott might be lurking nigh, and so she bravely asked the number of their room, her cheeks burning hotly.

In response to his "Come in," the door opened, and to Gordon Lillie's amazement, in walked Dollie Clayton. He sprang to his feet, but she motioned for him to be silent.

CHAPTER IX.—Discovered.

Both boys stared at her wonderingly, too surprised for a moment to speak, and then Harry Reynolds hastened to her side, his hands outstretched, his lips wreathed in a smile.

"Miss Clayton, is it really you?" he began. "I am——"

"Hush," she said, in a low voice, "and pardon my coming here, but it was best so. You are in danger; there is a plot afloat to ruin you both, aye, to bring you to the gallows—that is," she added, with a half-sad smile, "what we here in Wichita call a gallows, for a lamp-post or a tree serves as well. I have come to warn you. Now, listen to me. Under no consideration must you leave your room this night, and after I am gone, admit no one. No matter who knocks at this door, do not open it, and have your revolvers all ready to defend yourselves, for, believe me, you will need them. You had better not go to bed at all to-night, if you can possibly remain up. If one sleeps the other should watch. Now, I will go."

"One moment, Miss Clayton," Harry Reynolds exclaimed, springing after her, and laying his hand upon her arm. "Please do not leave in such haste. Will you sit down for just a few moments and explain to us a little? Ah, how brave and good you are to come here and warn us."

She smiled, but her lips quivered at his words. She shook her head.

"No, I will go home, for if I am found here or missed, my father's rage will be something awful. I dare not, but for your own sake obey me and be careful."

"It is that cowardly loafer, Joe Scott, who is

at the bottom of this, and——" Harry Reynolds exclaimed impulsively, speaking before he thought.

She looked into his eyes, and a sudden, sharp pang pierced his heart, as he saw the quiver of pain that swept over her face. He would have given worlds if he had not spoken thus.

"My father."

"Very low and calm the two words fell from her lips, but their very quietness told how she suffered. He could have cut his tongue out for speaking as he did.

"Forgive me, Miss Clayton," he said, very softly. "I would not hurt your feelings for anything in the wide world. I spoke before I thought."

"It is only the truth," she said, in a brave manner. "And the truth, no matter how bitter, cannot be avoided. It is of no use in seeking to get away from it. No one knows my father better than I; no one knows his weakness and other faults better, and yet what can I do? When my mother died," with a smothered sob, "I promised her on her deathbed that I would always care for him and look after him. I was only a child then, but I have seen so much sorrow and pain that I was old for my years. I have kept that promise to my mother, but no one knows what I have endured; what I have gone through with him. Sometimes it seems as if I could bear it no longer, and I say I will run away. Then," the tears falling like rain over her cheeks, "that pale, sweet face arises before me, as I last saw it, lying among the pillows like a lily, and I cannot do it. Ah, if my mother had lived, how different my life would have been. But, there, I am forgetting myself. Forgive me for boring you with my secret sorrows. It is not often I speak of them to strangers. I mentioned my father, because I knew you would not be long in Wichita without finding out about him, and I did not wish you to think I was anything like him."

She turned away to leave them but, with her hand upon the latch, Harry Reynolds once more stopped her.

"Please do not say that, Miss Clayton," he pleaded. "And let me tell you how much I admire and honor you before you go. You are the bravest, noblest girl I ever knew, and I admire and respect you for caring for your father's comfort, even though he be so unworthy of it. You will surely get your reward."

"I want no reward," she answered, simply, her dark eyes growing soft and dim. "All I ask is that I am not misjudged. But, ah, if my home life could be different. If I only had a father and friends like other girls! No wonder that I ride away on my pony and remain all day long. Nature and a good dumb friend are preferable to my surroundings."

A sudden thought flashed through Harry Reynolds' brain, and his fair, handsome face lit up with joy at the mere idea.

"Miss Clayton, Dollie," he said, eagerly taking her hand within his own as he talked. "Why not go home with me? Why not let me be your friend, your brother? It is no place for you here in the midst of rough men who do not know how to respect a pure, good woman. My mother is refined and gentle, she would welcome you as a dear daughter, I know she would, and we could be so happy there. You would never be lonely again; we would be happy and free as the

day is long. You are so lonely, so neglected here. Will you not go?"

"You are very kind, Mr. Reynolds, very kind, indeed," she answered in a trembling voice, but with a coldness he could not fail to note. "But I cannot accept your offer. Independence and Dollie Clayton belong to each other, and it will be many a long day ere they separate. Still, I appreciate your good heart none the less. I gave my sacred promise to my dying mother, that I would always care for my father, no matter how low he sank, and I must keep that promise, else how can I ever meet her in another world and look into her dear eyes? I believe there is another life beyond this, Mr. Reynolds, for Heaven knows this is bitter and sad enough, and I hope some day to meet my mother again: I shall stay with my father, and try to make a man of him, although I believe the task to be a hopeless one. Of course, if he attempts to kill me, as he is likely to do," with a sad smile, "I shall leave him, but not until then. I thank you for your kind offer, and for the last time before I go, I implore you to heed my warning. Good-night."

Before he could stop her she had opened the door and disappeared. The two young men stood looking into each other's faces in silence; then Gordon spoke.

"She is the bravest, noblest girl I ever saw," he said slowly. "But what a life she leads with her wretched father and that scoundrel, Joe Scott, who is determined to have her for his wife."

And Dollie, with a keen, sharp pain at her heart, went on her way, her eyes blinded with bitter tears. She left the hotel, and was walking swiftly in the direction of her humble home, when a hand seized her roughly by the arm, while a voice hissed in her ear:

"So I hev caught ye at it, ye hussy? Ye went and warned them two baby-faced kids agin yer own father an' ther man ye're goin' ter marry? Ye always were a whinin' sneak, jest like yer mother, but ye'll pay dear fur this, or my name ain't Sam Clayton! I've hed my own ideas 'bout ye fur some time. Now I know, and ye'll larn what it means ter interfere with me."

It was her father who held her arm in that vise-like grip, and his bloated face so close to hers looked hideous in its anger, while his blood-shot eyes glared tigerishly into her terrified ones.

CHAPTER X.—A Flight From Home.

Those cruel fingers tightened about her arm until she cried out in sudden pain. She was bold as a lion in the time of danger where others were concerned, but she was only a girl after all, and her tender flesh was bruised by the merciless fingers closed about her arm.

"Father, let go my arm; you hurt me," she cried out in a voice of pain.

"Hurt ye!" he repeated, with a brutal laugh. "It ain't half so much as I'll hurt ye, once I git ye home. I'll larn ye ter peach on yer daddy. Ye ain't so mighty big nor old but what I kin boss yer yit. Come 'long, and don't make no fuss either."

He dragged the unfortunate girl along with him, and she made no outcry. In the first place she was too stunned and bewildered to do so, and

in the next, she was far too proud. Would she, Dollie Clayton, known as Dauntless Dollie throughout the whole country, allow any living soul to see her being dragged away to her rude home by her wretched, drunken father! No! A thousand times no! She would rather die. In silence she walked beside him to her cabin home, and even though his fingers left great black and blue marks upon her fair, round arm, she would not complain. But there was a dangerous light in her dark eyes, and her young face had never worn the expression it did that night. Sam Clayton did not know the nature he had to deal with. When they reached the cabin he led her inside, then locking the door, turned suddenly and faced her.

"So ye went ter ther hotel and told them two young fellers thet there was a pot on foot, and warned 'em ter look out fur me and Joe?" he asked in an ugly tone of voice. "Tell me ther truth, or I'll murder ye whar ye stand, I swar it."

"Since you saw me coming out of the hotel, what other reason did you suppose I went there for?" she asked, calmly, not at all frightened at his threatening attitude and unraised fist. "You surely do not believe I went to a hotel at this time of night for pleasure, do you?"

"Are ye trying ter poke fun at me, ye hussy?" he growled, coming closer to her. "Do ye forgit thet I'm yer father?"

"No," she answered, in a low, even voice, "I do not forget that you are my father; I cannot, for I have reason to remember it to-night more than ever. Yes, I did go to the hotel and warn the two young men that they were in danger, and I have made no attempt to deny it. I do not want to, for I am glad I did go."

"What did ye go fur, ye hussy?" he grated between his teeth, raising his hand on high as if to strike her to the ground at his feet. "How dared ye go and warn them agin yer own father? How dared ye, I say, how dared ye?"

"I went to save them," she answered, looking him full in the eyes. "I did not want two innocent lives sacrificed, and I would not let them be when it was in my hands to save them, and—I wanted to save you from being a murderer—I did not want to see my own father hanged, and it would either be that, or else the innocent would have to suffer for the deed of the guilty."

"Ye hussy, what d'ye mean?" he whispered hoarsely.

"I mean that you and Joe Scott had laid a scheme to ruin the two young men at the hotel," she replied, steadily, never flinching for an instant. "And I determined to save them. You were to entice them out, saying that I had broken my arm, and wanted to see them. Joe Scott was to murder his friend in cold blood, and lay it to them! I saved them from being lynched, providing your plan did not fail, and I saved you, father, from a horrible crime. Instead of heaping abuse upon my head, you should thank me."

"Thank ye," he echoed with a coarse, brutal laugh. "Thank ye, ye hussy. What fur? Fur takin' good money out of my pocket? Curse ye, what d'ye think I'm goin' ter live on, anyway? How d'ye expect I'm goin' ter live? Ye don't keer, thet's about it. But I'll show ye, curse ye. So ye listened, and heerd all I said, did ye?"

"Yes, I know all you said," she answered. "I know it all, and——"

She was suddenly interrupted by the sound of a heavy footstep upon the threshold, and wheeling suddenly she saw Joe Scott in the doorway, glaring at her like a savage beast.

"So it's true after all?" he asked, in a hissing sort of voice. "The gal did overhear us, and peach on us. Curse her, anyway. I didn't think that of her. I never believed she would be so mean. I thought she had a bit of honor when she didn't. Ter peach on her father and——"

"I'll larn her," Sam Clayton said, with a wolfish bark. "I'll larn her!" and before Dollie realized what he was about he had taken a long whip from the peg on the wall where it hung, and brought the lash sharply about her shoulders.

"I'll larn ye ter watch and sneak, ye hussy," he muttered, thickly. "I'll larn ye who is master here, ye or me."

That first blow was the last. Like a flash the girl whipped out her trusty revolvers, and pointing them at her father, said sternly:

"Put that whip back where it belongs! I have borne your abuse for the last time, and as heaven is my witness, if you don't obey me, I will send a bullet through your heart, even though you were my father a thousand times over! I mean what I say, for I am desperate! I will give you just five minutes in which to obey me, and then you must take the consequences if you refuse. You are not dealing with a girl, but a woman whose every sense of respect has been outraged."

Sam Clayton shrank from the light in the girl's eyes, and as he slunk away and allowed her to go to her rude chamber unmolested, Joe Scott clutched his arm.

"For mercy's sake let her go, for as sure as there is a power above us she'll shoot if you interfere with her," he whispered, and he was right, for the girl was desperate.

She would have shot them down had they interfered with her, so they wisely left her alone. They did not see her when two hours later she crept down the rude ladder and stole softly forth from the roof that had sheltered her for so long. One long, last look she cast upon her home, then she turned her back upon it forever.

CHAPTER XI.—Off for the Frontier.

Neither Gordon nor Harry Reynolds had the faintest idea of where they were in Wichita. They did not know that she had left her home forever, for early the next morning Harry left for his old home, while Gordon was to go that same day.

"I wonder if we shall ever meet again?" the boy said earnestly, his bright, brown eyes fastened upon his companion's face. "It is very strange, isn't it, and I hope the next will be under far more favorable circumstances."

"I know, now," Harry Reynolds answered, looking into his friend's eyes. "And but for you I should be a dead man, and I would have been. I do not forget that it was you who saved my life, Gordon, and I will never cease to thank you. I do not know how I shall ever repay you."

The train was already puffing away impatiently at the station. The two boys, in a moment, and with one last glance at the town from which they had just departed, turned. A man named Gordon

don Lillie's soft-brown eyes, for during the short space of time he had known Harry Reynolds, he had become deeply attached to him. The last he saw of him he stood on the platform waving his hand to him. Then the train rounded a curve, and he was lost to view. Gordon stood for a moment, lost in deep thought, but it was only for a moment, then looking about him, he said briskly:

"Now, for my own future. He is safe, for which I am doubly thankful, and in a few days he will be with his mother. I am free to go my way. To-day I start for the frontier, where I have always longed to go, and I must lose no more time. I have had about all I want of the town of Wichita."

So saying, he retraced his footsteps toward the hotel. He would have liked very much to see Dollie Clayton before he left, but he believed it was wiser not to attempt it. It would be better for her, since he knew the kind of a man her father was, he said to himself. Some day he would see her again. He had already been in Wichita ten days, and he was anxious to get away. He lost no time in packing up his few personal effects, and making all arrangements to leave that same night. The town was as lively as it had been at any time during the ten days since he first landed there. The merry, careless cowboys were turning day into night, and night into day with their singing and drinking. Gordon was not sorry to get away, for his sojourn there had been anything but pleasant.

No one saw him when he slipped quietly from the hotel and walked rapidly away from the lights and tumult. He started for the Indian Territory, which lays one hundred and sixty miles south of Wichita. It being the terminus of the railroad, he was obliged to make the journey on foot. It was so small an undertaking for a boy of sixteen, but our hero, nothing daunted, started out with his spirits light and gay. There was nothing that he feared. He was bound to make a name for himself, and it would take more than one serious obstacle to turn him from the course that he had mapped out for himself.

All night long he trudged cheerfully forward, feeling neither weariness nor the want of sleep, and when the morning dawned he was a good many miles from Wichita. When the sun was high in the heavens he stopped long enough to snatch an hour's rest and eat the lunch with which he had been thoughtful enough to provide himself before starting upon the wearisome journey.

"It's a long ways off yet," he muttered, "but I must not give up. Nothing in this world was ever accomplished without trouble and hard work, and I am not the chap to shirk either. So here goes!"

He struck out again, but not being familiar with the land of the morning, he took the bottom trail instead of the direct trail. It being the time of the year when the great Kansas river overflows her bottom, he was forced to wade knee after knee through water ranging from knee to hip deep. He thought it almost reached his neck, but the brave youth would not turn back.

Setting his teeth, he continued forward, trying to keep his mind from wandering. It was not so very pleasant as he had imagined, but being up

to the waist in icy water all the time, and in spite of his strength and physical endurance, he was chilled through and through.

So on and on he went. The night fell over the world, and still he waded through the chill waters of the mighty river whose strength and force defied all human aid or power. He would not give up, for he was a determined lad, and once he made up his mind to do a thing no one could change him. Gradually the icy waters grew shallower, and with hope springing up anew within his breast, he believed he would soon reach dry land. Then his eyes caught the cheerful beams of a campfire on a rise of ground, and he halted. Was it friend or foe, he asked himself. Was it a hunting party of his own race, as was it a band of hostile Indians? If so, then how much better off was he?"

CHAPTER XII.—Trapper Tom.

At first he could not make out whether it was a camp of Indians or white men, for his eyes were dazzled by the bright firelight, but as soon as he became accustomed to the dancing rays he saw it was a party of white men grouped about the fire. A huge roast was sizzling over the glowing coals, sending forth an odor that would have tempted a king, and the smell of coffee was the sweetest perfume he had ever smelled in his life. He had fasted nearly all day, and the pangs of hunger were beginning to make themselves felt.

"Here goes!" he said, rising to his feet, "and whether they are friends or foes, I'm bound to have a taste of that venison and coffee. That's all I can think of now, for I'm hungry enough to eat a whole ox raw. They can't do more than hurt me, anyway, and if I die I shall have no need to eat."

He walked boldly toward the fire, once his mind was made up, and he gave not the slightest sign of fear. A dozen rifles covered him as he came into sight, but he was very calm, boy-like in his way.

"Hello!" he said, in a clear, ringing voice, holding up both hands, "I am not an Indian nor a hunter, and you do not think that one man can run away with the camp, do you? I am just a boy, and I have invited myself to have a taste of that venison and coffee. It smells mighty good, I can tell you."

There was a moment of silence, while the men looked at the fire started into each other's faces in astonishment, and then a jolly, ruddy-faced man, with merry, twinkling eyes, stepped forward.

"Waal, if ye hadn't ter coolest him I ever seed in all my life," he said, in a deep, bass voice, a hearty laugh accompanying his words. "I never see one like ye afore. And so ter be hungry, eh? What do ye want? Yer as wet as a drowned rat. Come on over ter ther fire, where we can get a good heat at yer, and then we'll show yer ter eat yer fill. Come right on, sonny. Ther venison's hot."

He took the boy by the arm and dragged him up to the fire. All the men stared at the slender

youth as if he had been a curiosity, and then the bluff, hearty voice once more broke the stillness.

"Waal, I must say thet yer about ther decentist lookin' kid I've met in a good many days. Whar did ye come from, sonny, and what mought yer handle be?"

"Where did I come from?" Gordon Lillie repeated, looking keenly at the good-natured fellow. "From Bloomington, Illinois, and my name is Gordon Lillie."

"Run away from home, didn't ye?" the stranger asked, with a grin. "I reckon I'm about right, fur it's plain ter be seen that ye hain't been roughin' it long. Ain't I right when I say ye run away from ther old folks?"

"I did run away from home," Gordon answered frankly, "and I shall not deny it. But I did nothing wrong. There was no reason why I should run away, except my love of adventure. I graduated from the High School, and I could not bear the idea of staying in a dull town and becoming a plodding business man in a small way. So I cut loose and started for myself."

"Right ye are, my boy, right ye are," the bluff, good-natured stranger responded heartily. "Here's my paw, and it's as honest a paw as ye ever shook in all yer life. I ain't ther handsomest man in all ther world, but them as knows me will tell ve thet I'm about as white a man as ever leveled a rifle at a fat buck. My handle is Trapper Tom, and I'm known from one end of the world to t'other. If ye want ter stay with us, and be one of us, ye kin. But ther best thing fur ye ter do now is ter git some of thet roast venison and good coffee inside yer jacket as quick as yer know how, arter thet we kin talk. Yer as wet as a cat thet's been in ther water all day, too, but I reckon ye would rather eat and then dry yerself. It's a mighty unpleasant thing ter be wet all ther way through, but it's a durned sight worse ter be hungry. Come along now, grub is ready."

While Gordon lived he never was able to forget how good that venison and coffee tasted, and Trapper Tom chuckled to himself as he saw the lad stow away tin plateful after plateful, washed down by huge cups of fragrant coffee. Then, when he had satisfied the pangs of hunger he went to the cheerily blazing fire and dried his wet clothing.

"Now, my lad, are ye willin' ter become one of us?" Trapper Tom asked, with a twinkle in his eyes. "It's a jolly life we lead, huntin' and trap-pin' all ther time, and at ther same time it's not ther easiest in ther world. Thar's a mighty lot about it thet hain't so very nice, and yit if ye think ye would like ter join us we're glad ter hev yer."

"I shall be delighted to join you," Gordon began eagerly, but the trapper stopped him with a wave of his hand.

"Thar, thar, sonny, jest drop all them big, high-soundin' words, fur me and ther rest of ther boys ain't used ter hearin' them, and it sort of makes us nervous-like. It's plain ter be seen that ye've had a heap of school, but ye hain't a gun ter need it here. We're all of us plain sportsmen, and we can't stand no frills, but we do know a heap. Are ye goin' ter stay with us?"

"I will stay with you," the youth responded bravely. "And if my ways at present are somewhat different from yours, please do not mind,

for I was brought up in an entirely different manner from you. I shall not be long in learning your ways, for indeed I wish to be one of you."

"I believe ye, sonny," Trapper Tom responded heartily, "and I swar thet I believe ye hev ther makin' of a good man in yer. Ter be sure yer only a kid, but durn me, yer a mighty game one, and the older ye grow ye'll improve. Now, would ye mind goin' ter ther spring over yonder and gittin' a jug of water fur ther night? Yet a bit younger nor me, and thar's nothin' like good, pure cold water ter turn in on. Ye kin easily find it, thar behind the big rock."

Gordon took the jug in his hand and started for the spring. He could see the big rock that Trapper Tom pointed out to him, and he walked briskly away in the moonlight.

"At last," he muttered, exultingly to himself. "At last I have a chance to catch a glimpse of the life I have always longed for. It was a kind fate that directed my footsteps in the direction that led to Trapper Tom's camp. I like him, for he is a good, whole-souled fellow, and I shall learn all about this wild free life while with him."

He found the spring, and filled his jug with the clear, sparkling water. Then he turned his footsteps in the direction of the camp. The moon was shining over the scene, and all objects were plainly discernible by her silvery light.

"I wish I knew how Harry Reynolds was faring," he murmured, thoughtfully. "I like him, and I only wish we could have remained together. Poor fellow! he was near being lynched that night in Wichita, and but for brave Dollie Clayton I know he would have been. She was the one who saved him, and——"

He came to his senses with a sudden start, his heart giving a great leap of terror and dismay, for there before him in the moonlight was a huge savage, hideous in war paint and feathers. He was staring straight at our hero, his glittering tomahawk clutched in one brawny hand, all ready to hurl at the boy's head. The moon revealed every line of his face, which seemed far more fearsome than any he had ever seen in pictures. No wonder he was unable to move hand or foot, but stood rooted to the spot.

CHAPTER XIII.—True Grit.

It would be false were I to say that our hero was not frightened, for he was. His heart gave a great leap and then seemed to stand still, but it was for only one moment, then he was himself again. It would scare almost any boy of sixteen were he to find himself face to face with a huge savage in war paint and feathers, and Gordon was but an ordinary boy. But he nerved himself and like a flash raised his rifle, taking a careful though hurried aim at the hideous face so near him. Before he could press the trigger, however, a loud, ringing laugh burst from the lips of the supposed savage, and he said in a voice that was strangely familiar:

"Now, sonny, kin, don't ye up and shoot me, fur if ye do I'll make a trapper with ye. I never yet had a taste of cold lead, and durn me if I'll give it to some body. Don't ye know me, ye trapper's son, he?"

It was the voice of Trapper Tom. To the as-

tonished youth he looked like a gigantic savage, and for a few moments he could do nothing save stare at the tall form in its gaudy dress and war feathers. Then he found his tongue, and while a hot blush mantled his face, he stammered:

"And so you are not an Indian after all? I—I was sure you were one."

"And ye're madder nor a wet hen, because ye hev lost ther chance ter fill a redskin full of cold lead, eh?" Trapper Tom chuckled, his broad shoulders shaking with suppressed merriment.

"Waal, I don't know as I kin blame ye, fur I'm sure thet I would do ther very same thing over myself. But ye came mighty nigh shootin' me, sonny."

"I am sorry for that," Gordon answered. "But what was I to do? I was sure you were an Indian, and besides, you were dressed in war paint and feathers, which was enough to upset anyone. I am glad you spoke, for in less than another moment I would have filled you with cold lead, as you express it. I confess, however, that at first I was badly frightened."

"Waal, I don't know who wouldn't be," Trapper Tom said bluntly. "As old a bird as I am, and as much as I have seen ther world, I'll bet my hair—thet is, what is left of it—would stand on end. Yer are a brick, sonny, ye hev got ther true grit in ye, and I mean ter tell ther boys ter-night thet they mustn't play no more sich tricks on ye as they hev been a-playin' fur ther last few days. Now, do ye think ye would be satisfied ter jine us and belong ter our gang?"

"Would I?" Gordon echoed, his face flushing with pleasure and pride. "Indeed, I will be more than pleased to become one of your brave band, and I am glad I know that you want me."

"I know thar's good stuff in ye, sonny," the big trapper said, slowly, laying one hand upon the boy's shoulder, "and I'm very seldom mistaken in any one. Ye show it in yer face, and in every move and action. Ther boys all like ye, even if they did make a bit of fun of ye in ther beginning. Come on, now, let's git home jest about as quick as we kin, for if some young feller like yerself should see me he'd do ther very same thing as ye intended ter do—fill me full of holes."

So saying, Trapper Tom started in the direction of the camp where the fires burned cheerily, laughing softly to himself at the joke he had played upon the boy. From the first moment he looked upon the lad, he had liked him, and he determined to prove his courage. He had done so to his satisfaction, and he had proved himself a hero. It is not necessary for me to add that the members of Trapper Tom's band had made the lad a butt of ridicule since he came to them. But through it all he had taken it good-naturedly, and they respected him all the more for it. When they reached the camp where the rest eagerly awaited them, the trapper stood for a moment silent, then, raising his powerful voice, he said slowly:

"Now, ye kin see, sonny, I'm a trapper, and I'm a good one. The kid is all right; he's made of good stuff, and I'm mighty proud of him. He's young, but I'll bet ye can see and sense thet in less than ten years he'll be one of the best of us. I'll bet ye'll be knowin' all over the world, and all thar's in America it will be a good name, and a good one, too. He ain't made of no common stuff, neither is he, this kid ain't, and ye kin just take my word for

it. He's goin' ter jine us this very night, and I don't want ter hear of any more monkey shines bein' cut up on him. He was goin' ter shoot me quicker nor ye could wink an eye, when he thought I was a cussed Injun, but I spoke ter him jest in time. If I hed waited a minute longer he would hev put a hole in me thet ye could see daylight through. I supposed, of course, thet he would turn white 'bout ther gills and flop, but durn my boots, he's as game as a fightin' cock. I never seed ther likes of it in all my life."

Having delivered himself of this rather long-winded speech, Trapper Tom proceeded to divest himself of his warrior makeup, chuckling all the while to himself. As to our hero, it must be confessed that he was somewhat disappointed in not being able to say that he had killed an Indian—for what boy of sixteen does not yearn to cover himself with glory in the Far West? And he was so sure that the opportunity had arrived, too; yet at the same time he silently thanked Heaven that he had not shot his kind-hearted friend, the trapper. You may be sure there were no more jokes played on him after that night's episode. He remained with the party, moving about from place to place, and he enjoyed the free, wild life even more than he anticipated. In the meantime he wrote home to his mother from the nearest town, which they visited once during the trapping and hunting expedition for the purpose of obtaining supplies, also more traps and ammunition. He did not like to think of her as grieving over his absence, and he was too honorable to keep her longer in suspense. So she was greatly relieved when she read her boy's letter and knew he was safe.

It was a strange, delightful experience to Gordon. Up at break of day, inhaling the clear, crisp air in his lungs, a hearty breakfast, that tasted better than anything he ever had before. Then away over the frozen ground, through the forests and over the black hills, the excitement at sighting larger game than usual, and the return to the camp at nightfall, where glowing fires and a savory supper awaited them. It was the kind of life that suited him exactly, and he soon grew bronzed and strong like his hale comrades. It was not long ere he became an expert at trapping, and a crack marksmen. In fact, he soon had the name of being the best rifle shot in the party, and some of the men were inclined to be a little jealous. But he was so good-natured about everything that they grew to be ashamed, and as quick as did Trapper Tom, his jealousy faded. Gordon was a great favorite and a great friend wherever he went. He had heard much of the name of Harry Reynolds, who was at the time a great favorite with his mother, making the last days of his life happy by his presence, and also very comfortable to the money which the miners and trappers had been paying him for his services.

PAWNEE BILL'S FIRST EXPERIENCE.

was Gordon Lillie initiated as one of the boys of Tom's land. And he never forgot the first time he was initiated as one of the boys of Tom's land. And he never forgot the first time he was initiated as one of the boys of Tom's land.

dignified was too much for him, and how he ever managed to control himself he was never able to tell. Yet he dared not laugh outright, for he feared to offend the rude, yet honest fellows. He was so keen, so quickwitted, that he could not fail to see the ridiculous side of everything.

Three months passed away, and no one seeing him would have dreamed that he was the same slender delicate-looking youth who had graduated from high school only to run away the very moment he was free. He had grown larger, his form was more fully developed, and his rather pale complexion was now a ruddy, glowing color, made so by his active outdoor life. His own mother would scarcely have recognized him, and the men used to say among themselves that it did not seem possible that he was the same "tenderfoot," whose advent had been made but three short months before. Sometimes he could not realize it himself. One dreary, cloudy day in February, as he stood looking up at the overcast sky wondering what the weather would be, whether the storm would pass on or break over them, Trapper Tom came up to him, an anxious expression upon his face, a moody look in his eyes.

"I don't know what ter do," he said, slowly, thrusting his hands through his belt, looking up into the air, aimlessly, and giving the logs a kick with his foot. "Them there pelts and hides ought ter go to ther agency right away. They're expectin' 'em, and not a durned man wants ter go. Ter tell ther truth, thar ain't a one among ther hull crowd that I'd send aside from Jim or Ike, and they're both laid up. Jim's finger is so bad that he swars he'll cut ther thing off if it don't stop painin' him. I'm thinkin' he'll lose it anyway, and Ike can't swaller a thing fur his throat bein' so all-fired sore. I don't know what in thunder ter do, and I'm 'bout ready ter give up ther hull thing and quit."

Gordon was silent for a moment, his own face thoughtful and grave, then a sudden gleam flashed in his eyes, while he said eagerly:

"I'll go! I am not afraid to start out alone! I'll go this very day if you wish it."

"Sonny, yer a brick if ever thar was one," the trapper exclaimed, clapping his hand and giving it a hearty shake. "I'm durned if ye hain't got more grit nor ther hull crowd put tergether. But mebbe ye hed better wait a while, fur it looks like a storm."

"No, I will go at once," Gordon answered, eager to be off. He was always ready for a new adventure of any sort, and the idea pleased him far better than remaining in camp. "I do not mind the storm, and I believe it will pass over without touching us at all. At any rate, the quicker I go the quicker I shall be able to return."

"Right ye are, sonny, right ye are," the trapper replied, nodding his head, "and if ye want ter go, why, I hain't goin' ter stop yer. We'll git things fixed up in shape fur ye so ye kin go at once. I'm mighty glad ter git ther hides and pelts started fur market, I kin tell ye."

In a short time Gordon was on his way to the market, which was at the Pawnee Agency. The trading store was run by Thomas Barry, who was well known on the frontier. He supplied the Indians with their necessary outfits, as well as the white men.

"Now, sonny, don't ye stay no longer nor ye

hev ter," Trapper Tom called after him, as he started out from the camp. "Fur my terbaccer is nigh 'bout gone, and I can't live unless I hev it. I'd rather be without my feed than my terbaccer."

"I will stay no longer than is absolutely necessary," Gordon answered. "And I believe I can make the trip as well as anybody in camp."

"And I don't believe it—I know it, sonny," the trapper replied. "Waal, good-by, and good luck to ye."

"Good-by," Gordon called back, as he rode away with his pack mules laden with dried hides and pelts. And then a thrill of joy shot through his breast, for he was going into a strange place, one he had never visited before, and who knew what might happen before he returned? Always eager for excitement, he hailed the change with delight.

"I'm mighty glad ther kid's gone in my place," one of the men who was wounded said to his companion. "Then to my thinkin' we're goin' ter hev a storm, and a mighty bad one at thet, and I'd ruther be here in camp beside a good fire than out in the blizzard. It's goin' ter be a reg'lar norwester, and I'm glad I hain't got ter face it."

"So am I," the other grunted, puffing away at his pipe, "and let ther kid go if he wants ter. He's young and strong, and he kin stand it very well. He's got warmer blood in his veins nor we, and let him use them. I'd rather smoke my pipe and take my drop of grog by ther fire."

"Me, too," the other chimed in. "Me, too. Waal, I hope ther kid will reach ther agency all right. He's plucky, but he hain't exactly got over being green yet. But thar's no gittin' 'round it, he's got good stuff in him."

So those two worthies talked on and on, while Gordon was on his way to the agency with his loaded pack-mules. They liked him, and wished him well, yet they were so used to grumbling at everything that they could not stop it now. When Gordon reached Camp Creek he decided to halt for the night and pitch his camp. There was a strong foreboding of a nor'wester, and he knew it was to be dreaded and avoided. Unpacking his animals, he made them comfortable for the night, and then in the strong heat of the log fire he soon grew drowsy. Piling on more fuel he rolled himself in his blanket, and stretching out before the fire half sitting, half reclining, he dozed off. He dared not leave the warmth of the ruddy burning flames, for he knew what it would mean.

When he awoke in the morning a cutting northerner was blowing which made the pack mules hover together in a bunch behind the bank whose shelter they would not leave even for food and water. He tried in vain to coax them, but they could not be moved. He waited until noon, then saddling a horse he started for the agency to get a number of articles he was in need of. When he left camp he hadn't figured upon being caught by a storm, and when he could not make the pack mules move forward in their march he knew he would have to remain there until the worst part had passed. He rode on until the middle of the afternoon when a swirling snowstorm set in which shut off all landmarks, and he realized that he could go no further. He dismounted, and the only way he could see to get on was to go out when he attempted to load a mule. The pack mules were now dead panes, the trapper ter

being twenty degrees below zero, and with neither food nor blankets, what to do he did not know, and in spite of his brave heart and courage, he was beginning to fear he would never again see his mother's kindly face, nor look upon his old home. It was not a pleasant position for a boy of sixteen to be placed in, and for the first time in his life he really believed he stood face to face with grim death.

CHAPTER XV.—The Meeting With Jesse James.

Poor Gordon gave himself up for lost, and his heart lay like lead within his breast. Let us not deem him unmanly, my dear young reader, if tears filled his eyes as he thought of home and mother—the dear, loving mother, the old home he had left forever—and he dashed them away wondering if his body would be found in the spring when the snow had melted. Had he been surrounded by a band of hostile Indians he would not have said a word, but alone, overpowered by nature, it was a different thing. He could protect himself against the arms with which man was provided, but Nature, powerful, stern, relentless—ah, who could fight against her?

"I suppose I may as well sit down and wait for the end to come," he said, somewhat bitterly. "I can do nothing at all, and I am only wasting my strength and time by rushing about so madly, not that time or strength will ever amount to anything for me now," he added, with a sad smile. "For at the utmost they will be mine for only a few hours longer, aye, a few moments if this storm keeps on increasing in its fury."

Each moment the storm grew fiercer, madder, and the terrified horse hovered closer to his young rider, seeming to feel the need of human society. The snow fell in huge flakes, and the keen wind sent them whirling through the icy air like great feathers.

"I can see just how it looks at home," he murmured sleepily, a drowsy feeling creeping over him, while the keen cold that had pierced him through and through gave place to a delicious warmth that ran through every vein like rare wine. His head dropped forward upon his breast and but for a sudden sound that aroused him with a start this story would never have been written. There was a crackling of dead boughs, and the half-frozen boy opened his eyes to see a stalwart fellow wrapped to the ears in buffalo skins. He was standing close to him, looking at him as if he were a curiosity.

The sight of a human being in the midst of the blinding snowstorm had a magical effect upon Gordon, and he shook off the feeling of drowsiness that was fast benumbing his every sense.

"What are you doing here in this fearful storm, boy?" the newcomer asked abruptly. "Don't you know any better than to go to sleep? It's sure death."

"I am lost, and I am very cold," Gordon answered. "I have been riding for days, and I have no food or shelter. I am very tired and I am very cold."

"Well, and what are you waiting for?" the newcomer asked. "I would like to see you with your horse."

Gordon said simply. "I don't know which way to go or what to do."

"Well, my boy, we don't run no boarding-house, but I hain't going to see no one freeze while I can help it; follow me and I will take you to where there is plenty of fire, grub, and good-will," he replied with a grim laugh. And without further words Gordon gladly followed his new friend, silently blessing the fate that had sent him across his pathway.

Later, when he had enjoyed a comfortable supper, and was sitting before a glowing fire, in some way or other the conversation turned upon Jesse James, the notorious outlaw, whose name was dreaded throughout the whole country.

"And what is your opinion of this Jesse James, boy?" Gordon's host asked of him. "Do you think he deserves hanging, as nearly every man and woman express themselves?"

"No," Gordon returned promptly. "No, I do not, and I sincerely hope that the day may never come when Jesse James will be caught and punished. The man has done wrong, we all know that, but his heart is not bad. He was never known to steal from the poor. It is the rich who are his prey, not the unfortunate ones, and I honor him for it."

A strange light shone in the stranger's eyes, a queer smile lurked about the corners of his mouth.

"Do you mean that, boy?"

"I do."

"But think of the life he has led," he went on. "You can't find no excuse for that, my boy. He's a bad man."

"There may be circumstances in his life of which no one knows," Gordon replied very gravely. "And it is not fair to judge a man until we know him. I have never seen Jesse James, I never expect to, and I don't know as I want to, but I do not believe he is one-half so black as he is painted. He has done a great many good things in his life."

"And a great many bad ones, eh?" with a little short laugh. "Well, he'll get come up with some day, and don't you forget it. I ain't afraid to bet any amount of good money that he'll swing yet."

"I'm very much afraid you would lose your money, then," Gordon answered, slowly, while the stranger smiled grimly. "For they will have a long and weary chase before they find Jesse James. He's too cute for them all, and I hope he may elude all the sheriffs in the country."

"You appear to be very friendly toward him," the host remarked, watching him sharply as he spoke. "Why is it?"

"I really cannot say why I admire him, for there are certainly traits in his character which I do not admire," Gordon replied, frankly. "At the same time his good qualities overbalance, at least, they are equal to his bad ones. I wish, somehow, he would reform and lead a different life."

"He hain't very likely to do that, my boy," was the answer given in a queer, low voice, "and you'll see in time that they get him, and he'll hang. It's the way all such fellows end up their lives—even hundreds of years ago, and I don't know of anything that can stop them. Now, my boy, I suppose you are pretty well fixed up."

eh? You had better turn in and get all the sleep you can. Your horse is comfortable, and it's a mighty sight better than being out in the storm all night, eh?"

"I don't know what I should have done but for you," Gordon said, giving him a grateful glance. "How can I ever repay you for your kindness to me this night?"

His host made no reply, and long after Gordon was sleeping he sat before the glowing embers, his head bowed, his chin resting between his two palms. Then, as a deep sigh fell from his lips, he arose and said something to himself in a low voice. Our hero's slumbers were very peaceful that night, and when he awakened in the morning he saw that the storm had passed and the sun was shining brightly in the sky overhead. His host was already up, and he half smiled as he saw the youth.

"Well, my boy, how did you sleep?" he asked. "I suppose you were not disturbed during the night by any sounds?"

"No, I heard nothing at all, for I was so tired that I never knew a thing until daylight," the boy answered, somewhat surprised at the question. "Thank goodness I can resume my journey now in safety."

"There is one thing I want you to do," the stranger said at parting, when Gordon was put on the right trail at last, "and that is—don't tell any one where you spent the night."

Gordon bowed his head, and his strange companion went on:

"For it means that I would be hunted down again, driven from one end of the country to the other. Here, they can't find me. I defy them, one and all, and if they come here I am ready for them. My boy, you have spent the night in the company of Jesse James."

CHAPTER XVI.—A Fair Robber.

A gasp of astonishment came from Gordon's lips, and he could only stand and stare at the speaker, unable to believe his own eyes.

"You seem astonished," said Jesse James.

"I do not know what to think."

"It is as I say, boy."

"You—you mean that you are Jesse James?" he asked, falteringly. "I—I am——"

"There, there, my boy, there ain't no need for you to go on in that way," the outlaw said kindly laying his hand upon the youth's shoulder. "I am Jesse James, and I ain't going to hurt you. But remember, you're not to mention staying here all night. It would mean more trouble for me and for others, too, for I hain't a man to be talked with."

"I am well aware of that," Gordon replied, "and you may depend upon it that I shall never mention being here. You saved my life and I shall always remember it, and if the day ever comes when you are in need of a friend, you will find one in Gordon Lillie. I know I am only a boy, but sometimes a boy can do more than a man."

The outlaw upon whose head a price was set grasped his hand warmly, while something bright shined in his eyes—something that looked like tears—and he said somewhat huskily:

"Do you mean all you say? I was a bit afraid

to take you in at first, but your face was honest and I believe you. Jesse James ain't so black as he's painted, after all."

"I always said that," Gordon replied, emphatically, "and now I know it. Anyway, I am glad I know you, and I never forget a friend."

"I am glad to hear you say that."

"I meant it."

"I may need your help some day, my boy, who knows," the outlaw said, slowly. "Well, good-by, and good luck to you."

As Gordon rode away, his pulse all atingle, he turned once in the saddle to look backward and wave his hand to the solitary figure, standing like a statue upon the level prairie. He always remembered him as he looked that morning, his strong lips trembling, his eyes overflowing with tears—he, the outlaw, the man whom the world looked upon as a demon in human form, and he never saw him again, but to this day there is a warm corner in the famous scout's heart for the branded outlaw who saved him from freezing to death in the blinding snowstorm so many years ago. The boy had no further difficulty in finding his train of pack mules. The animals were in the same spot where he had left them, and getting them in line, he started once more for the agency, which this time he succeeded in reaching safely.

He sold his pelts and hides, and buying what supplies he needed, gave his pack mules a day's rest, then he started for the camp again. He would not be able to make the journey without stopping on the way, and he pushed on for Camp Creek, preferring to spend the night there. After supper, which he skilfully prepared, he stretched himself out before the fire, and resting his head upon his saddle, looked into the ruddy flames that danced and flickered merrily, casting shadows over the scene. It was very pleasant there, the warmth was agreeable and soothing, and the restless movements of the pack mules as they crowded each other about saved him from that feeling of utter desolation and loneliness that always overpowers one when alone at night. He had not the faintest idea of danger, and he lay there thinking of Jesse James, the outlaw, who had befriended him. And his thoughts were of a varied nature.

"I always knew he was not one-half so bad as they tried to make out," he murmured dreamily, "and if he is ever in danger of being captured, and I can save him, I will do it, though he were an outlaw a hundred times over. He has a good heart, and who knows what sad secrets are locked away within it. But what would father and mother say if they knew I had spent the night under his protection. They would be ready to die of fright, for like all the rest of the people in dull old Bloomington, they believe he is the most horrible fiend in the world. Well, well, who could ever think he would be so kind to me! When I used to struggle novels up to my room to read after the others had gone to sleep, little did I ever expect that I would soon be on the very spot where some of Jesse James' worst crimes were committed, and still less did I ever expect to be his friend. Strange things happen in this world."

He got to thinking of Harry Reynolds, a Dutchman from the West, who had saved the unfortunate youth from being hanged, and he smiled sleepily.

"I would not be afraid to wager almost anything that in time she becomes his bride," he murmured. "For it was plain to be seen he was already smitten, and so was she, but she was too proud to own up to it. Poor girl! What an unhappy life she has led with her wretched, drunken old father and that brute of a Joe Scott he is determined to make her marry. If I were her I would run away—I would never stay there and be a slave for them."

He did not know that she had already run away, and while thus pondering over the subject he dropped into a light doze. Before doing so, however, he felt for the thick leathern belt about his waist under the buckskin jacket he wore. That was the hiding-place where the money he had obtained for the pelts was hidden, and satisfied that it was safe he sank into a peaceful slumber. And, boylike, he dreamed. He was dreaming that he was once more lost in a blinding snow storm, but this time he was rescued by a different person, the figure of a female whose face was hidden by a bright red mask. He was sure that he had heard her voice at some time before in his life, but when or where he could not say, and she would not remove the brilliant mask that hid her face from his sight, although he requested her to do so.

Suddenly he awakened with a start, feeling that he was no longer alone. There was that queer sensation that impresses one with the idea that some one is near even though they cannot see them. And as he rubbed his eyes, then pinched his arm to see if he were waking or dreaming, he gave a start, for there before him stood a slender, willowy figure, clad in black, a broad-brimmed hat graced by a long, waving plume upon her head, a mask of the same somber hue hiding her face. To our hero's utter amazement he found himself looking into the shining barrel of a revolver that was leveled at his breast.

"Hands up!" came in a low, yet clear, ringing tone of command from the strange girl or woman, whichever she was, for he could not tell, her face being hidden, but her figure had the soft, graceful curves of youth, while her voice was fresh and musical. "Hands up, my friend, I mean business, and I have no time to spare."

"What do you want?" Gordon asked, in amazement. "What are you holding me up for? I am not a stage-coach nor a bank, and——"

He was interrupted by a low cry of astonishment that burst from the fair robber's lips, and he gave another start, for it was the same voice he had heard in his dreams, and there was something familiar about it, too. She had made no sound until she saw his face plainly, a flickering flame of fire that arose making it very discernible. Then she caught her breath with a gasp.

"You!" she panted. "You! Well, no wonder!" with a fervent, reckless laugh. "I came here for the money you have in that belt around your waist, and the very best thing for you to do is to take it over and make no fuss about it. I mean business, and you are losing nothing. Trapper Tom is the boss, and he can well afford it."

Gordon knew that voice, and very well indeed, and the fact that he was looking into his face, regardless of the revolver pointed at his head.

"Dollie!" he cried. "Oh, Dollie! Is it really

you? And have you come to this? My poor girl, can it be true? You, Dauntless Dollie, a highway robber—a thief!"

CHAPTER XVII.—Dauntless Dollie In A New Role.

At those words something like a shudder passed over the girl's form, and she did not answer for a moment; then once more that bitter, mocking laugh rang out upon the crisp night air.

"Why do you call me Dollie when you do not know me?" she asked in a half contemptuous manner. "Are you crazy? I never saw you before, and I am quite sure you never saw me. You cannot see me now, for my face is hidden by this mask. But all this is nonsense, and I am here for one purpose—to get the money you have with you. Now, are you going to give it up peaceably, or are you going to cause trouble? Remember, the easiest way is the best, and I am desperate."

Gordon was silent for a moment, then looking straight at her he said slowly:

"Dollie—for you are Dollie Clayton in spite of all you may say—I am sorry to see you in this life. What has happened to change you so, Dollie? Nay, you need not turn away or interrupt me, for I know you. There is no use in your denying your identity, Dollie."

"Are you a madman or a fool?" she asked him scornfully. "Do you think you can—ah, I will not waste time with you longer," she suddenly added. "Give me the money you have in your belt, or I'll——"

"You will shoot me?" he asked, slowly, yet very calmly. "No, Dollie, you will not, you could not, for it is not in your heart to do so. You are not heartless enough for that. If you will remove your mask and let me see your face, I will give you the money I have in my possession, even though I am mistaken in my opinion. I know you are Dollie Clayton just as well as I know I am Gordon Lillie, and no power upon earth can change me."

The fair robber paused a second. Then:

"Deliver to me the money and cease this nonsense," the fair robber said, sternly. "You are wasting too much valuable time."

"No, I am not," Gordon answered, in a voice even sterner than her own. "But I am saving you from an awful crime, Dollie, and if it is in my power to save you from the life you have started to lead, I shall be glad."

She laughed scornfully.

"My dear boy, for you are only a boy," she said slowly and emphatically, "why will you keep this farce up longer? I want the money you have with you, and I am going to have it. Do you realize that you are losing time, and I patience? The very best thing for you to do is—hand out the money. It will save you a great deal of trouble and me some cold lead."

"Do you mean that?"

"I do."

"Would you shoot me, Dollie?" he asked, reproachfully. "Murder me in cold blood? Ah, I never thought that you, Dollie Clayton, the bravest, truest girl in Wichita, would stoop to that. You were known as Dauntless Dollie, and the

title suited you right well, and now, ah, I do not like to think of it."

"Will you kindly stop this nonsense and deliver to me what I ask for?" she demanded impatiently. "I am altogether too polite for a highway robber, and I can see my mistake is in being too easy with you."

"Your mistake is in leading the life you have entered upon," Gordon said solemnly. "That is your mistake, Dollie."

"Now, once and for all, will you give up the money peaceably, or must I force you to it?" she asked angrily. "I do not wish to injure you, Gordon Lillie, but——"

"Ah, you do know my name, then?" he interrupted, with a little, triumphant laugh. "You do know my name in spite of it all? And you are really Dollie Clayton? You might as well admit it first as last. I know you, and you cannot hope to deceive me."

"I am out of patience with you," she retorted, coming closer to him and holding the barrel of her revolver unpleasantly close to his head, "and I'll give you just five minutes in which to make up your mind. I'll wait no longer, either. At the expiration of five minutes if you have not decided to give me the money I shall shoot!"

"Why do you do this?"

"I mean what I say."

"Shoot away," he replied coolly. "I am not afraid, and——"

"You mean to defy me, then, and say that you are not afraid of me?" she asked, in an anger stifled voice. "Well, then, you shall pay dearly for this."

"I do not mean to defy you at all," he answered gently. "But I meant to say that I was not afraid to die, that is all. If you wish to shoot me, I cannot prevent you, and you will have the crime to answer for. Ah, well, it is the way of the world, and we cannot change it. My last answer is final—no, I will not give up the money intrusted to my care. It is a sacred trust, and no power upon earth shall cause me to break it. You may shoot as quick as you like, Dollie, I shall not ask you to show me any mercy, but if it were Harry Reynolds standing here, would you send a leaden messenger of death through his heart. Nay, I am sure you would not."

He saw the hand that clutched the revolver tremble violently, and he knew his point was gained. With a sudden, catlike movement he took a step forward, and seizing her by the wrist, with a swift motion tore the mask from her face, and there before him stood Dauntless Dollie, the pride of Wichita. He did not gloat over his discovery, but stood silent, his sad, reproachful eyes fastened upon her face. One moment only did she return that kindly look with a defiant expression upon her face, then she burst into a passion of tears, her trembling hands seeking to hide from his sight her remorseless face. He drew her to him as a brother would a beloved sister, who was grieving sore, and pillowing her head upon his breast he tried in vain to soothe her.

"Don't cry, Dollie," he whispered, his tender hand patting the soft cheek gently. "Don't cry for it is all right. No one in all the wide world shall ever know what has taken place here to-night. I don't blame you, but whatever possessed you to start in upon the life you are now

leading. Tell me, Dollie, it may relieve a part of the pain that is eating your heart out."

Drying her tears the girl, for it was really Dollie Clayton, commenced to tell him of her life since last they met. Of how her father had treated her until at last, unable to bear it any longer, she had fled from her home rather than suffer the abuse and illtreatment she was forced to put up with. Of her wanderings from place to place, her despair at not being able to make an honest living, and then of how she had decided that if she could not make an honest living, she would make a dishonest one. All this he listened to with a grave, pale face, and when she finished, he said slowly:

"There is no need for you to be dishonest, Dollie. You know that Harry Reynolds loves you, that he ~~needs~~ in time to make you his wife, and I want to see you leading a different life, Dollie. Here is money. Take it, go to some town where you will find the way of making an honest living open to you and when you are able to repay it, all well and good. No, I will not hear what you may have to say. Do as I bid you, for you surely cannot remain in camp with a lot of lawless men. Good-by, and God bless you!"

Little did he dream under what circumstances he would again meet her, and he stood watching her until she disappeared in the darkness, then he sat down before the fire again, where he remained for some time lost in deep thought. It is safe to say that slumber did not visit him that night, and he was glad when the morning dawned so that he might resume his journey to camp.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Where Gordon Saves Trapper Tom's Life.

He met with no further adventures before reaching the camp where Trapper Tom and his band were, but all the way he could not banish the thought of the brave girl whom he had known and admired for her courage in Wichita. And the knowledge that she had turned highwayman and robber hurt him. He realized how the proud, impulsive nature had battled between right and wrong, and how, at last, driven to desperation, she had yielded to wrong.

"What she is on the right road now," he murmured, as he rode slowly along, the reins lying loosely upon his horse's neck. "And I know her well enough to believe she will never return to her old life. Poor girl! how I pity her. She is true and noble, loyal to her friends, and this little episode in her career will serve as a lesson. I wish she would meet Harry by chance now, and I know he would never let her get away from him again. I wonder how he is getting along now?"

When he reached camp he found Trapper Tom and his band waiting him, and he greeted the boy with a warm handshake.

"I'm mighty glad ter see ye 'back ag'in, sonny," he said. "Fur ever sence ye went away I've been sort of worried 'bout ye. Did ther storm overtake ye?"

"Yes, I was caught in the storm, but I was brought back to camp by the storm, so I did not mind," Gordon replied, thinking it was best not to mention the fact that he had

passed the night with any one, as it might give rise to suspicion that would be the means of discovering the rendezvous of the man who had befriended him, outlaw though he was.

"Waal, I'm mighty glad ter hear thet," the trapper responded, with a gratified shake of his grizzled head, "and I'm glad, too, thet ye're here, fur as sure as yer name is Gordon Lillie, jest so sure thar's goin' ter be trouble."

"Why, what do you mean?" the boy asked in surprise.

"Thar's a band of hostile Injuns 'bout here, and they're on ther warpath in a sneakin' sort of way," Trapper Tom replied in a low voice; "and ther worst part of it all is that thar's a cussed white renegade at ther bottom of ther hull business. He's ther lobster as is raisin' ther row, and if we don't stop him he'll git every durned one round 'bout here so skeered that they won't know what end ther head is on."

"Do you know his name?" Gordon asked, his pulses all a-tingle at the mention of a horrible fight with Indians. "Have you learned much about him?"

"No, I don't know his name, but he's called Ugly Joe, because he's got sich a tarnal bad temper and sich a humly mug. They say he don't think no more of runnin' his knife through a man than I do of stickin' a b'ar."

"Is that so?"

"Yes."

"I never heard of him."

"He's a bad one, and I hain't afeered of him face ter face, but he's got a nasty trick of runnin' a blade between a man's shoulder blades when he ain't lookin'. Give me a chance at him, though, and I'll make him sick. They're all a-spyin' on our every move, and of course they know that we've been trappin' all ther season, and hev hed good luck. I'll bet a dollar that they know we've sold all ther hides and pelts, and if they don't we'll be better off. But durn it, they'll manage in some way ter find it out at ther agency. We've got ter keep our eyes open ter-night, I kin tell ye, sonny."

"Well, we are the ones who can do it, and if we cannot then we are a poor lot," Gordon responded, with a brisk businesslike air that won the old trapper's heart completely. "For if such a man as this Ugly Joe knows we have a large amount in our possession he will never stop at anything in order to get it. Therefore we must watch all night. Here is the money," unbuttoning the belt and handing it to him. "I forgot that I had it with me on hearing the report that we are likely to be attacked. It will be safe with you. You will find it there—every dollar."

"I don't doubt it, sonny, and I hain't even goin' ter count it, fur I've got faith in ye, I kin tell ye thet. Here is a bit ter pay ye fur hevin' ter sleep out in a snowbank all night long," handing Gordon a handful of shining gold. "Ye're true blue, my boy, true blue."

Thanking the good-hearted man for his generous gift, Gordon turned away, determined that the camp should be well guarded that night. He was silent during the evening, considering by himself what the others were saying and going around the tent. And at last, when they were soundly sleeping, he sat like a statue in a darkened corner, his thoughts with them, and his hands

Trapper Tom, who was very weary from a long, hard day's tramp, came to him, saying:

"If they do come fur ther money ter-night, thar won't be but a few of 'em, fur ther varmints don't dream as how we're onto 'em, and they'll never think of us fightin' back. Thar's whar we'll fool 'em, and give 'em ther dance of death. I didn't tell ther boys 'bout it, fur they're all tired out, too, and a sudden alarm would wake 'em up at once. I knew me and you, sonny, could fix 'em, and if we needed help we could yell to 'em. I'll stay up, too, and if ye git sleepy, ye kin take a snooze fur a jiffy while I keep watch."

Gordon smiled to himself, for he knew the trapper was far more likely to fall asleep than he was, and as hour after hour passed by and not a sound disturbed the death-like dark silence of the night, he saw Trapper Tom's head nod and finally rest upon his breast, while his deep and heavy breathing announced that he slept. Gordon kept the watch alone after that. The fires burned lower and lower, then flickered faintly, casting ghostly shadows over the scene. The weary men slept, not dreaming of danger, and then the boy's keen, quick ears detected the stealthy gliding footstep of some one near. The next moment a dark, shadowy form crept toward the old trapper, who still dozed peacefully before the fast-dying fire.

It was the work of an instant for him to reach the unconscious sleeper's side; the glittering blade he clutched in one hand was raised above the helpless breast, and but for the brave boy who watched the murderer from a darkened corner, honest old Trapper Tom would never again see the sun rise or set. But the keen-edged weapon was not buried in the kind man's breast, for a rifle shot rang out upon the night air, and with a wild yell of agony the murderer's hand dropped. At his side, his right wrist shattered by the leaden bullet. As he turned and gave a bound into the outside darkness, a sudden flash of firelight revealed the hideous face of Joe Scott, now distorted with pain. The next moment he had vanished in the darkness beyond the camp. In less than five minutes every man was up and in pursuit of the would-be murderer, but they returned two hours later without finding a solitary trace of him.

So Ugly Joe was none other than Joe Scott, the bully of Wichita. Trapper Tom never forgot how brave Gordon Lillie had saved his life, and all through life he never had a firmer, truer friend than the bluff, yet kind-hearted trapper who played a trick on him to test his courage, and he would not bear the thought of parting with him, but he realized that the time was not far distant when he must do so, for he saw plainly that the boy was destined to make his mark in the world. Thus I have given you, my dear young reader, the early days of the most famous of our heroes, and when we again meet him it will be in the heart of a different world and surroundings, where he has the opportunity to prove in a greater measure his courage and coolness when threatened by death and danger.

CHAPTER XIX.—A Haven of Rest.

Before we part from our hero, however, we must follow each one of our favorite friends on their separate ways, for once our heroes are

tached to an individual, whether real or ideal, as I have said before, it is hard to part. Strange, is it not, how we grow to care for the boys and girls who exist only in the beautiful realms of fancy? After Harry Reynolds returned home, for a time he was quite satisfied to care for the few acres of land, the little garden, and make his aged mother comfortable, but he was not the same youth who had gone forth from the modest roof, his heart filled to overflowing with hope for the future, his footsteps light and free from care. There was a graveness about him which his mother could not understand—a shadow upon his brow which she had never seen there before—and she longed to speak to him, but something kept her silent. Try as she would, she could not speak. One bright evening she found him sitting alone, gazing wistfully out into the silent moonlight that flooded the world with glory, his head resting upon one hand. He did not hear her approach, and the first he realized that she was near he felt her gentle hand laid lovingly upon his brow.

"What troubles you, my son?" she asked, in that same mild, sweet voice, the first he remembered having heard upon earth, as she taught him to kneel at her knee and lisp his evening prayer. "Tell your mother, my boy, what it is that troubles you. For whom can you trust more than you can her? Who loves you more than she does?"

One moment only was the young man silent, and then he turned and looked at her, while his heart grew tender. Ah, how dear she was to him, how he loved the gray hairs, the kindly face with its lines and wrinkles, and yet as he gazed at her through a mist of tears, another face arose before him—a beautiful, proud face with tremulous, red lips and dark eyes dim with tears, the face of Dollie Clayton—and he put his arm caressingly about his mother's shoulders.

"I cannot say who loves me any better than you do, mother," he said, slowly. "But there is one in this world whom I love. Ay, mother, love her far better than my own life."

"Better than you love me, my son?" the fond mother asked, a jealous pang shooting through her bosom, for what mother likes to learn that her boy, whom she clasped in her arms, and his baby lips lisped her name first of all, has given the place she once fondly dreamed was her own to another? It is the hardest blow of motherhood.

He did not behold the tears in her eyes, but he heard the choked sob in her voice, as she asked in low, stifled tones:

"Oh, Harry, my boy, do you care more for her than you do for me, your mother who would die for you?"

"No, mother, I do not love her better than I love you, but it is a different kind of love," he replied, stroking the bowed, gray head with loving hands. "I love you and that love is holy, pure, serene, such as I would feel for one of God's blessed angels. But she, my peerless Dollie, ah, my life is incomplete without her."

"Then her name is Dollie?" the mother said, half jealously. "And she is the dearest thing in all the world to you?"

"Not the dearest, but one of the dearest," he answered, with a smile. "For there are two whom I adore. My mother and my beautiful, brave

Dollie. Listen, mother, and I will tell you all about her."

And there in the silver moonlight Harry Reynolds told his fond mother of the beautiful, brave young girl who had won his heart. He kept nothing from her. He told her of her life from her earliest childhood, passed in the midst of people who could not, who never would understand her. He kept nothing back, and when the mother learned how the fearless girl had saved her boy from the angry mob in Wichita, she clasped her trembling arms about his neck, whispering:

"Go and find her, my boy. Bring her home with you, and I will welcome her, and give her a mother's love. The one to whom my boy has given his heart shall find his mother's heart also belongs to her. It hurt me a little at first, Harry, to think that another had filled the place so long my own, but now I am content. I must not be so selfish. I am forgetting myself."

"You selfish little mother," the young man replied, drawing her closer to him. "You! Ah, you would sacrifice anything in this world to make one else happy. But you will love Dollie, mother—you cannot help it; and how she will love you, poor little girl, for she never knew a mother's love."

Thus it came to pass that ere many days had passed Harry Reynolds left his old home to go in search of the girl he loved. He knew it would be some time ere he returned, and he did not wonder at the tears which filled his mother's eyes when he left her. He was determined, however, to find her before he looked upon his home and his mother's face again. That mother's image followed him as he went down the narrow, winding walk, and when he paused at the gate and looked back, he saw her standing there, her face wet with tears. Alas! how little he knew what awaited him, and how different life would be than what he imagined. How little he knew of the bitter disappointments that would be his in the distant future. He went straight to Wichita hoping to find her there, but upon his arrival he learned that she had been gone a long time. No one had any idea of her whereabouts, and he did not remain long in the town.

Joe Scott had also disappeared, and Sam Clayton still lived alone in the humble cabin that had been Dauntless Dollie's home. It must have been the hand of fate that sent him to a small Western city one stormy night, for, as he was walking hurriedly to his room in the hotel where he was stopping, a woman's plaintive voice suddenly said:

"For the love of Heaven, sir, give me a few crumbs to buy a loaf of bread. I am starving to death in the midst of plenty!"

That voice! And how it thrilled him, bringing back to him the memory of the voice of despair in the old home. He knew it would be so, no matter where he found her, and with an exclamation of surprise, thrilled with joy, he turned to the speaker.

"Dollie!" he cried. "Oh, Dollie, have I found you at last?"

The light from the street lamp shining over the woman's face revealed a face that of course, and the young man, trying to force himself to believe what he was told, said:

"I-I-I don't dream it was you," she murmured

in deep confusion. "For had I known that you were the person I asked for help, I would have died first."

"And why should you not ask me before all others, Dollie?" reproachfully. "Am I not your best, truest friend? I have been searching for you for many weary days, and I have found you at last. The very thought of you being poor and in want while I have plenty, makes me feel like a scoundrel. But you shall never want again, Dollie, for I am going to take you back home with me, no matter what you say, or how much you protest, you are going."

Poor Dollie! She did not protest very strongly against going home with him, for the haven of rest there offered was sweet indeed after her roamings and sorrows. He told her of his mother, of the welcome she would give her, and the girl's face glowed with happiness. Then, after they had enjoyed a substantial supper at one of the small restaurants of which the town boasted, he escorted her to a hotel where she would be safe for the night, intending to start for home the day following. But neither of them could see the dark storm cloud hovering above their heads just at that moment, when the future seemed brightest. Neither did they see the figure that followed them to the very door of the hotel, nor could they hear the low chuckle of fiendish delight that burst from Joe Scott's lips, for he was the spy.

"So ye'll steal my gal, will ye, young feller?" he muttered. "Not if I know it, and ye'll wish ye had never been born if I ever meet ye!"

All unconscious of the scheme the big bully was planning, the young man slept soundly that night, and with light spirits started the following morning to see Dollie. To his amazement she was not there, and he could find no trace of her. At first he could not believe his own eyes, but gradually the truth dawned upon him. She was gone; she did not want to see him, she was simply deceiving him; and with his heart burning with anger he once more turned his face homeward, not knowing that poor Dollie was in the hands of her enemy, Joe Scott.

CHAPTER XX.—Fate.

It is so easy to misjudge those who are nearest and dearest to us, and when Harry Reynolds once made up his mind that Dollie Clayton was fickle and unworthy, he returned home, and in a stern, calm voice, requested his mother not to speak of her again. From that hour out her name was never mentioned between them, and the young man remained quietly at home, caring faithfully for his mother. She only lived a few months after that, and as soon as the funeral was over, he turned his face toward the West for the last time. It had passed into the hands of a stranger, and his one desire now was to meet Gordon Lillie, the brave boy to whom he had taken such a fancy. He did not know where to go, in fact, he had not the slightest idea where his friend was, but he believed he would find him somewhere in the West. Gordon meanwhile was with Father Tom and his family. They still continued their hunting and trapping, but each day

the old man's face grew graver and sadder at the thought of parting with his favorite. More than once Gordon found him sitting in deep silence before the fire, his head bowed, his face resting between his two toil-hardened hands, and there was a suspicious dimness in his keen eyes that looked as if tears were not far behind.

"Durn it, but I can't bear ther thought of parting with ther kid," he would say again and again. "Seems as if he belonged ter me, and I'll blubber like ther old fool I am when I do see him goin'. I wish ter goodness I'd never sot eyes on him, and then I wouldn't feel so mighty mean about it. Waal, it's ther way of ther world. We always have what ye don't want, and want what yer can't hev. But I'm blasted if I ever thought I'd be sich a tarnal fool as I be."

The sturdy trapper's voice trembled when he bade Gordon go and better his lot, and when he was alone that night he sobbed like a little child. The next day was the one on which Gordon was to go away, and the entire band intended to escort him to the distant town for which he was bound. At first he laughed at them, saying he could take care of himself, and then, after a second thought he decided that they knew best, for they were older and wiser—they had more experience—while he was a mere boy. As far as fear was concerned, he did not know the meaning of the word.

Trapper Tom shook his head dubiously when Gordon made light of the matter. So off they started, Trapper Tom and his band, all anxious to escort the youth on his way to begin a new career, all eager and hopeful for that future. He was liked by every man, and they felt a keen interest in his welfare. That journey to the new life was never forgotten by either the boy or his comrades. At night they sat around the cheerful campfires telling stories for hours, and early the next morning they resumed their journey. One night every member of the band had rolled themselves in their blankets and were soundly sleeping, leaving Trapper Tom and Gordon sitting before the fire, whose leaping flames had settled down to a mass of glowing coals.

The boy watched Tom as he sat gazing thoughtfully into the coals, puffing away in silence at his pipe, and just as he turned to say something to him a woman's shrill shriek of terror rang out upon the night air. That cry of alarm had an effect that was like magic upon every man there. They sprang to their feet, and with rifles grasped in their hands, listened. Then with a motion of the hand that meant silence the trapper ran lightly up a hill that lay behind them.

When the men came back they found that the women were eagerly awaiting his signal to join him, rushed to his rescue the minute he turned around and saved his band. Now, when they were in the valley, they saw a single, white-covered wagon, and the fire which had blazed on revealed the dark figures of a number of Indians and negroes, while in the foreground a single negro, a direct descendant of the old ones, after having being the night with a crowd of them. Like a flash Trapper Tom and his band had been there, and in less time than it takes you to write it the negroes and their red allies were put to flight.

When the enemy had disappeared, and quiet was once more restored, Trapper Tom learned that they were people of wealth, traveling for pleasure, and for the health of one of their party, the aunt of the beautiful dark-eyed maiden they had seen in the hands of the savages. She spoke of a dreadful looking white man, whose face was so hideously ugly that it frightened her.

"It was thet ugly mug thet tried ter knife me, I'll bet," Trapper Tom exclaimed. "But it seems ter me that it's mighty resky ter be travelin' about in a wagon in these parts and with sich a small party. Didn't I tell ye, sonny, thet ye'd be durned glad ter hev Trapper Tom along with ye?" grinning slyly as he saw Gordon gazing intently at the fair maiden who seemed to be equally interested in him also.

Gordon learned that her name was May, and that was all he wanted to know. Little he cared whether it was Jones, Brown, or Smith, for he had made up his mind that in the years to come she would bear the title of Mrs. Gordon Lillie; and he also resolved that when the happy day dawned she would be proud of it, for he would be famous.

Upon reaching his destination, the entire party separated, each going in different directions. Trapper Tom and his band went sadly back to their wild abode, and the fair May and her friends turned their faces homeward, leaving the youth standing alone in a strange town among strangers, but happy because of the dark eyes that had looked into his, the clinging clasp of the soft little hand that held his heart strings within her rosy fingers, and now, kind reader, we must leave him for a little while, for we shall meet him again in the midst of new and exciting scenes.

Next week's issue will contain "THE YOUNG DESERTERS; or, THE MYSTERY OF RAMSEY ISLAND."

CANALS IN KANSAS BUILT BY PRE-HISTORIC MEN

Digging away with gouges and paddles, probably made of buffalo horn, prehistoric men lived in Meade and Clarke Counties, Kan., skillfully constructed great artificial embankments which diverted the waters of Four Mile Creek through an ancient canal. That is the conclusion of a field party that spent several days in the late spring of 1920 examining one of the ancient channels, says the *Detroit News*.

The builders of these ancient artificial waterways evidently possessed engineering skill of no mean order, as some of their cuts, fills and meanders on sloping ground abundantly show. When running along the face of a declivity at right angles to the slope they invariably piled the excavated dirt on the lower side. The earth doubtless was transported by means of wicker baskets or in sacks made of rawhide. The ruins antedate the coming of the Spaniards by hundreds of years, possibly a thousand or more.

Those canal builders probably lived in low, one-story pueblos. Moundlike ruins still are visible in Beaver County, Okla., just across the State line and in the vicinity of the canals in Kansas.

CURRENT NEWS

HARNESSES SUN'S HEAT

Marcel Moreau, of San Francisco, announced he had found a way of harnessing the sun's heat. He declared that, working from experiments credited to Archimedes and Buffon hundreds of years ago, he had succeeded in devising a combination of little mirrors set in a bowl about four feet in diameter, which, when focused through a number of small lenses, would produce tremendous heat from the sun's light. He said he could regulate the heat produced to the exact degree desired.

Moreau claims to have produced with his machine sufficient to melt a diamond and cause it to disappear as gas.

A MOTHER ROOSTER

James Ryan, who was mounted orderly during the World War to Gen. John J. Pershing, and who is now a resident of Silver Spring, Md., is, according to his own statement, the owner of a Rhode Island Red rooster which is essaying the part of a mother to a brood of twenty-two Rhode

Island chicks. The mother was accidentally killed, and the rooster, realizing the predicament of the orphans, promptly began to take the mother's place. Not only does the rooster cover the chicks by night, but hunts food and otherwise cares for them by day.

DOGS IN MOCCASINS

After the first severe freeze at the beginning of winter a band of prospectors working in Northern Canada found themselves on the wrong side of a lake over a hundred miles wide, on the other side of which was the winter headquarters. They were without any means of transportation other than a boat in which was stored all their belongings and provisions. Hiring a halfbreed with his dog team, they put runners under the boat and made their way easily and safely across the smooth miles of frozen water, helping along the dogs by setting a sail on the boat. To protect the feet of the dogs from the hard surface of the ice, small moccasins of buckskin, well padded, were provided for each.

GREAT DETECTIVE STORIES!

"MYSTERY MAGAZINE" No. 157 CONTAINS THEM

GET A COPY AND READ THE FEATURE STORY

"A QUESTION OF KICK"

By EUGENE JONES

Learn what your handwriting shows about your character and qualifications in the new department entitled

"WHAT HANDWRITING REVEALS"

Conducted by LOUISE RICE

You will like the short stories. They are filled with exciting detective adventures and mysteries:

"SOLITAIRE DOWNES PASSES OUT," by Edgar Daniel Kramer

"THE MYSTERY OF THE ICE KING," by Mont Hurst

"THE BLACK PEARLS OF SYDNEY," by Hugh Thomason

"THE BOASTER'S REWARD," by Dale D. Kier

"TURNED AROUND," by Nelson A. Hutto

Then there's a fine two-part serial entitled

"WITH EYES AND NOSE"

By RALPH E. DYAR

and a special article by POLICE-CAPTAIN HOWARD exposing the tricks of slick swindlers, entitled

"THE FLIM-FLAM ARTIST"

In addition to all this there are numerous short articles such as "A Boy in Co. Luxe," "Bomb Explodes in Auto," "The Cashier Didn't Know How," "Attempts to Hold Up a Policeman," "How Crime Is Bred," "Theatre Thieves" and "Radio Catches a Fugitive."

Out Today On All Newsstands

Breaking The Record

— OR —

AROUND THE WORLD IN THIRTY-THREE DAYS

By WILLIAM WADE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XXIII.

On The Homestretch.

Dick had read the detailed account of the manner in which Wilmot had been killed, and found it most interesting matter, seeing from it that it was no wonder that both he and Ildone had been deceived.

Brittmar had followed Wilmot unseen, and had determined to kill him, having long nursed revenge against the man, and being further excited by the events of that last night.

Hearing Ildone's angry remark he had put out the lights and fired the fatal shot, then getting away in haste and without suspicion, hearing the startled exclamations of both Dick and Ildone and knowing that his share in the matter was known to no one.

Afterward, haunted by remorse, he had committed suicide, after having left a full confession, which was not made generally known until after the world travelers had reached the American continent, although a few knew of it nearly a fortnight before that.

Ildone had been in communication with the detectives under the pretence of being in pursuit of evidence, and had only made known his real motive when reaching New York, when he received the most unexpected reply to his message, asking them for the latest news in regard to the matter.

He had been doubting his guilt for some days, having given the matter a great deal of thought, and had come to the conclusion that he could not have killed Wilmot, and he had cabled direct to the detective agency, telling them of his doubts, and asking them if anything new had been discovered, and if it would be safe for him to return.

Their answer decided him, but he said nothing to Dick when he met the young fellow, resolving to keep the affair secret till his arrival in New York.

The discovery of his disguise at the time of the landing caused him to tell Dick everything, however, and he had done so at the first fitting opportunity.

He told Dick that he had known what Burns was watching him for from the first, but that he had allowed the man to be with him on account of needing his company, needing some one to talk to.

They passed through the land, where they were well received, a great crowd gathering to

see the globe-trotters, and cheering them on as the train left the station.

Early on Wednesday morning Mark awoke Dick and said, excitedly:

"We must make a jump from Chicago, so you'd better get ready. We want to get the Limited to New York. This train makes it in twenty hours or a little more, but we must do better than that. I have wired ahead for the eighteen-hour flyer to wait for us, but we must make a jump from this train to that so as not to delay her."

"Will Miss Renton go by that train?" Dick asked.

"Sure she will; she is in charge of my aunt. We must be particular now, you know, or Billy Renton will get up a story of an elopement, so as to chisel Trix out of her money. You must go with us, of course, but if Billy tries any of his funny business with me, he will find himself in the soup in a hurry. He will be around, you may be sure, for he would not take the journey across Siberia. He could have got back to New York by this time, and I expect that he will be on hand to greet us in his own fashion."

They expected to reach Chicago between six and seven in the morning, the difference between New York and Chicago time being taken into consideration, and would leave in time to reach the former city an hour or two after midnight the next day.

They found a great crowd in the station, early as was the hour, and at once a shout arose as they stopped.

The other train was waiting for them, and the conductor and porters quickly transferred them from one to the other, the crowd being kept back by ropes, in front of which stood a score of policemen.

They left Chicago, cheered by crowds, and crowds greeted them all along the line of the road for miles, everybody seeming to have got wind of the coming of the train and being on hand to cheer it.

Across Indiana and Ohio they bowled along at tremendous speed, being greeted by crowds at every town or city through which they passed, making few stops, and these only the briefest, for they were running against time and every minute counted.

The people along the route had got word of the coming of the train with the travelers on board, and even at the smallest towns or villages there was some one to meet it and cheer it on its way, the enthusiasm increasing as the day wore on.

"If I was a presidential candidate making a whirlwind tour of the continent they could not get up more enthusiasm," chuckled Mark as they left a big city on the route. "I shall expect the bands to play 'See the Conquering Hero' next, and to have the freedom of Cleveland, Buffalo and Albany offered me in a gold box. This is great business."

At Cleveland and Buffalo they received an ovation and at Albany, although the train was late, they were received by a large crowd, who cheered and shouted and ran alongside the train after it had left the station.

(To be continued.)

GOOD READING

BOY OF FIVE CATCHES TROUT AS HEAVY AS HIMSELF

Willie Dorringer is only five years old, but he has been commended for meritorious conduct under extraordinary circumstances. He was with his father, Bill Dorringer, a Glacier National Park guide, when a huge mackinaw trout was caught on a large spoon hook and a trolling line in St. Mary's Lake last summer. Willie and the fish each tipped the scales at the same notch—42½ pounds.

The Bureau of National Parks has no medal dispensing department and it is doubtful if Willie's case comes in the Carnegie hero class. However, Willie was cited by his father for his conduct during the "splashing battle." He obeyed orders like a major, remaining quiet in the boat during the half-hour struggle Dorringer had before he got the monster trout into the boat.

IN THE CONGO WEALTH IS COUNTED BY WIVES

Fresh from the wilds of Africa, Robert S. Hill, a graduate of the South Dakota School of Mines, has arrived in South Dakota for a visit with relatives. It took him two months to make the journey from the interior of the Congo, where he has been engaged in diamond mining. He first went to Africa in 1915 and has spent all his time there since then, except for two trips back to the United States.

He says there yet are some really big chiefs in the part of the Congo where he is engaged who have from 300 to 400 wives and who are real African Kings.

"They used to have the power of life and death over their people," said Mr. Hill, "but that has been taken from them. However, some of them still retain a great deal of their authority.

"In the villages many of the men have several wives. The men do practically no work except a little hunting and fishing, and their wives support them. The only incentive for a man to accumulate more property is to enable him to buy more wives, and his wealth is reckoned by the number of wives he has."

MUCH RUM SMUGGLED

Federal dry agents in the State of Washington last year confiscated, according to official statistics, 6,911 gallons of moonshine and bottled whiskey. During the same period, copying an actual check made by an employer of a Canadian export house, there were smuggled down Puget Sound nearly 20,000 cases of liquor every month.

The whiskey seized by the Veterans during the entire year, amounting half the total was whiskey, amounted to about 1,200 cases less than one-fourth the amount smuggled on Puget Sound, according to the alleged check, and was put in long ago into the State every fourth case.

It is now definitely known that much of the illicit liquor comes into the State in way of the hundreds of small rocky islands during the waterway between here and Canada. Some of the islands are mere points of rock standing just

out of the water, yet large enough to accommodate a cave for caching liquor. Others are miles in length, with natural caves, dense woods and rivers and creeks up which small boats may navigate.

AGE OF SUN NOW PLACED AT 2 TO 3 BILLION YEARS

The age of the sun has been fixed at something between two billion and three billion years by Prof. Walter Nernst after researches announced at a meeting in Berlin of the Society for Industrial Progress. The estimates are based in part on the rate of decomposition of radio-active elements, and in part on deductions from Einstein's theory of relativity concerning the relation between mass and energy, says the Kansas City Star.

Early estimates set the age of the sun as low as ten million years, but geologists showed this was too short to allow for the erosion and other changes observed in the crust of the earth since it became solid. The radio-active decomposition of uranium to lead is a more accurate cosmic clock, and this indicates that the solid crust of the earth has existed for at least one and a half billion years. According to Nernst the sun, while getting past middle age, is still good for 400,000,000 years, after which a crust will form on its surface and life such as we know it will cease upon the earth.

"Mystery Magazine"

SEMI-MONTHLY 10 CENTS A COPY

LATEST ISSUES

- 151 THE ONE CHANCE, by Thomas Ripley
- 152 WEAPONS OF HATE, by Eric Howard.
- 153 IN RESERVE, by Frank Blighton.
- 154 THE HOUSE ON THE ROCKS, by Jack Bechdolt.

The following and future numbers of this magazine
Price 15 Cents

- 155 LAUGHING DEATH'S TRAIL, by Nels LeRoy Jorgenson.
- 156 THE MEDICINE DROPPER, by G. P. Wilson.

A QUESTION OF KICK

By EUGENE JONES

Out Today in No. 157

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.

166 West 23d Street New York City

"Moving Picture Stories"

A Weekly Magazine Devoted to Photoplays and Players
PRICE EIGHT CENTS PER COPY

Each number contains Three Stories of the Best Films on the Screen—Elegant Half-tone Scenes from the Films—Interesting Articles About Prominent People in the Films—Doings of Actors and Actresses in the Studio and Lessons in Scenario Writing.

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.

166 West 23d Street, New York

INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

The capacity of two condensers in series is less than the capacity of the smaller of the two. As the capacity is decreased the wave length will be reduced. The wave length cannot be reduced lower than one-half the fundamental wave length of the antenna by a series condenser.

STATIC

Static electricity often prevails during snowstorms as with lightning storms. Many radio stations have observed static, accompanying heavy snowstorms. The antenna should be protected with a lightning arrester or else it should be connected to the ground through a lightning arrester. Either method will protect the set as the static charges are set direct to the earth.

GOOD AERIAL

We would advise the employment of a single wire aerial 100 feet long in preference to two wires of shorter length. In erecting your aerial it is always wise when close to another receiving aerial to try to erect it so that it lies at right angles to the other antenna. This will keep down the interference from neighboring receiving sets. Running your lead in through porcelain tubes is a good idea, and we would advise you to use them, keeping your lead in far away from any obstruction.

The following is one way to make a good variable capacitor. Using a three and a half inch tube, the primary should be wound with eight turns of number 22 single cotton covered wire, while the secondary should consist of fifty turns of the same size wire. The primary may be tapered, while the secondary is left just as it is. The tap-joint screws can be made in this manner. The capacitor thus made with the both turns in position will give you sufficient inductance to carry 300 meters to at least 600 meters.

AUDIO FREQUENCY AMPLIFYING TRANSFORMER

The rapid reversing of radio frequency currents after having been changed to audio frequency currents by the actions of a vacuum tube may be amplified by the use of an audio frequency transformer. To most effectively amplify radio signals at audio frequencies by means of cascade vacuum tubes amplification it is necessary to couple the plate circuit of one tube to the grid circuit of the next by means of an amplifying transformer. It is generally conceded that a correctly designed and constructed closed core transformer is much better and more efficient than the open core or air core transformer.

THE REGENERATIVE SET ON THE WANE

There is a feeling that the regenerative set is being abandoned and is being replaced by the superheterodyne. While the regenerative set is still being used, it is being used in a different manner. It is being used as a detector and amplifier, and not as a regenerative circuit. The regenerative circuit is no longer considered as important

position which it did a year ago. Better circuits have been developed, which make for sharper tuning, less distortion, and positively no re-radiation. However, the regenerative circuit has done more to bring about radio broadcasting than any other factor. It was available at the time when there was nothing else that could even be compared with it in point of efficiency. It permitted the construction of simple sets which would bring in radio-phone signals from stations many hundred miles away. It made for loud signals, whereas, heretofore, single tubes produced barely audible signals. Nevertheless, and despite the many ingenious tuners which have been devised of late to give new life to the regenerative receiver, the fact remains that regenerative circuits are being superseded by radio frequency, neutrodyne, superdyne, radiodyne, super-heterodyne, and other circuits.

THE AUTODYNE RECEIVER

In this type of radio receiver a vacuum tube is connected to the circuit in such a manner that it not only acts as a detector of radio waves but also generates rapidly reversing alternating currents. When doing this it is said to be oscillating. By suitable arrangements of the circuit the local oscillations can be made slightly out of tune with the incoming oscillations. As a result the currents combine or overlap each other and an alternating current reversing at audio frequency is obtained. The same tube which produces the local oscillations rectifies the audio frequency currents so that the sounds can be distinguished in the telephone receivers. This type receiver is sometimes called a self-heterodyne receiver.

A SIMPLE DEVICE

Various devices are now on the market which make it possible to connect several pairs of phones into the plate circuit of a tube so that more than one person can listen in on phones.

Some are more or less efficient than others but most of them are comparatively expensive.

A device, however, which will serve the purpose admirably can be made at a cost of a few cents and with very little trouble.

This consists merely of several double-terminals. Fahnstock clips mounted on a piece of bakelite hard rubber or other such material. A strip of hardwood may be used but will not be as good as the composition material.

The number of Fahnstock clips provided should be one more than the number of phones which are to be used. Two binding posts are provided to make connection with the binding posts of the set. If jacks are used instead of binding posts for phones, the two posts may be attached to the terminals of the phone plug, making it possible to plug the sets of phones into any stage of the set.

Binding post 1 is connected with the A side of Clip 3. One phone tip of phones 8 is connected

with the B end of the double-terminal 3 while the other phone tip is connected with the A end of clip 4. One phone tip of the next pair of phones, 9, is connected with the B end of clip 4 while the other phone tip of the phones is connected with the A end of clip 5. The rest of the phones are connected in the same way.

If on a particular occasion the greatest number of phones which are to be used is three, only four clips, 3, 4, 5 and 6 need be used. If only two pairs of phones are employed only clips 3, 4 and 5 will be needed.

If all four pairs of phones are being used the wire from binding post 2 is inserted into the B end terminal clip of clip 7; if only three pairs of phones are to be in use, the last pair can be taken out by pulling the tips of the clips and the wire from binding post 2 can be inserted into the B end of clip 6; if only two pairs of phones are to be used, the next pair of phones, 10, are taken out and the wire from binding post 2 is inserted into the B end of clip 5 and if only one pair of phones in use the wire from binding post 2 is connected with the B end of clip 4.

Another arrangement makes it necessary to disconnect the phones that are not in use. In this case additional binding posts, 12, 13 and 14, are provided and wires shown by the dotted lines are used to connect the binding posts with their respective clips as shown.

In this case if all the phones are in use, one terminal of the set is connected with binding post No. 1 while the other is connected with binding post 2. If only three pairs of phones are to be used, one binding post of the set is allowed to remain connected with binding post 1 but the other terminal of the set is connected with binding post 10, thus leaving the last pair of phones, 11, out of the circuit. If only two pairs of phones are required, the second terminal of the set is connected with binding post 13 and if only one pair of phones is desired, the second terminal is connected with binding post 12.

If a phone plug is used in place of phone terminals on the set the wire from one terminal of the plug is connected with binding post 1 while the wire from the other terminal of the plug is connected with the other binding posts of the device depending on the number of phones desired in the circuit.

A ONE CONTROL RECEIVER

The time may be coming when a receiver set will come in a small cabinet with one dial on the front. This dial may be marked off, not in regular intervals, but with the names of the stations it is capable of tuning in. A simple switch, perhaps, set under the wall switch now used to turn on and off the lights in a room, will close and open all battery circuits required to tune the frequency of the vacuum tubes. When this device is set, and it automatically will, and the dial is turned, the user will be able to operate the set under a simple instruction.

One control operation is possible now, and the receiver dial far from perfect. There happens to be several separate and distinct functions con-

nected with the operation of the one receiver set, yet seldom are these functions correlated sufficiently to permit of their adjustment through a single control.

One of the receivers designed on the one knob principle is here explained. If the parts in this set are selected with care and assembled properly according to the best radio engineering principles, the resulting outfit will function surprisingly well. But it is far from perfect in its action and, strictly speaking, is not a single control unit. The set depends for its success on the employment of regeneration and the control of this action must sometimes be taken care of by moving the resistance which determines the heating of the filament wire.

Then, too, while the receiver will operate properly over a wave length, say of 360 to 450 meters, any attempt to bring in stations on a higher or lower wave length fails, due to the erratic action of the tube. The latter oscillates and stops oscillation with an incomprehensible irregularity, thereby making regeneration and reception to vocal sounds impossible.

In spite of these drawbacks the receiving set is an interesting one with which to experiment. From it perhaps will come one form of one control receiving set.

The parts necessary for the outfit consists of a 75 turn duo-lateral or honey-comb coil, a 43-plate variable air condenser, a grid condenser of .00025 microfarads capacity, a grid leak with a maximum resistance of 10,000,000 ohms, a UV 201A or UV 301A vacuum tube, four dry cells, one 22 volt B battery, a pair of phones and a rheostat.

The coil should be the best obtainable and should be purchased with a suitable mounting of equal quality. Too much money cannot be spent for the condenser. Cheaper ones might do, but their operating qualities are unknown. The A series of tube is selected because of its stability. It is possible to utilize a UV 200 or 3300, but the builder will experience trouble with its general instability.

The rheostat preferably should be one of the type which gives minute adjustment of the current without step-to-step changes. This eliminates practically all wire rheostats, satisfactory as they are for the usual circuit. The pressure type of rheostat is usually successful in this receiver and should be employed if available.

When these parts are assembled there is but one bit of advice to keep in mind. Arrange the parts so that all wires between the instruments will be shortest. If the outfit can be placed in a 7 by 8 cabinet so much the better. And finally to eliminate body capacity shield the inside of the panel with thin copperfoil, making sure before installing shafts and screws that the foil comes in contact with no metal parts except the ground binding post, to which it should be rigidly connected.

After assembling it may be found wise to experiment with the duo-lateral coil, exchanging the 75 turn coil for one of 100 turns or 150 turns. This is a point which can be decided only after installation, since the real value of the coil depends on the length and character of the aerial.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, MAY 28, 1924

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS

Single Copies.....	Postage Free	8 Cents
One Copy Three Months.....	" "	\$1.00
One Copy Six Months.....	" "	2.00
One Copy One Year.....	" "	4.00

Canada, \$1.75; Foreign, \$5.00.

HOW TO SEND MONEY—At our risk send P. O. Money Order, Check or Registered Letter; remittances in any other way are at your risk. We accept Postage Stamps the same as cash. When sending silver wrap the coin in a separate piece of paper to avoid cutting the envelope. Write your name and address plainly. Address letters to

HARRY E. WOLFF, } Harry E. Wolff, Pres.
 Publisher, Inc., } Charles E. Nylander, Sec.
 166 W. 23d St., N. Y. } L. F. Wilkin, Treas.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

COLLEGE HAS PRIZE COW.

Grace Koningen, a Holstein cow, owned and bred by the Montana State College, finished a production of 32,280 pounds of milk for the year, which gives her the world's record as a milk producer for ten-year-olds. Besides the world's record the cow holds the State record for cows of all ages for production in milk and butterfat. She also holds the record for being the best cow owned by any State college in the United States.

FISH THAT SHOUTS

Prof. C. H. Greene of the University of Missouri recently described to a number of scientists a newly discovered illuminated fish, whose habitat is Monterey Bay, California. The fish shouts when pursuing its prey.

Each fish, according to Professor Greens, is illuminated with hundreds of phosphorescent lights and, when bearing down on smaller fish, is able to make distracting noises by driving the gaseous contents of its swimming bladder through a narrow membrane from one side to the other.

CANADA WILL EXHIBIT 4,800-POUND SILVER NUGGET

With the object of interesting British and European capital in Ontario's mineral wealth and attracting capital to the Province, Charles McCrea, Provincial Minister of Mines, has arranged an Ontario mineral exhibit for the British Empire Exhibition next year, which he believes will be one of the finest of its kind ever presented. The Government has purchased for exhibition purposes a large "Keeley silver nugget," which weighs 4,800 pounds. There is \$17,000 worth of silver in the nugget.

DWELLS ON BLEAK ISLE TO STUDY BIRDS

An extremely interesting tourist launch, six months in service of an English woman naturalist, Miss E. L. Turner, who has just left London to take up her residence on Scott Head Island, 125 miles out from the wild and desolate coast of Norfolk.

Miss Turner is marooning herself on this almost unknown and never visited island in order to learn more about bird habits. She has spent years studying birds, but confesses she has gained little real knowledge about them. She is particularly anxious to find out something more about migratory birds, and on this island in the North Sea she will be able to keep watch of their arrival.

There are no houses on Scott Head Island, and Miss Turner has taken her own tent, a weirdly painted affair which roused some curiosity among the scientists who accompanied her as far as the coast.

"The tent," explained Miss Turner, "is the one from which I believe the British army took the idea of camouflage. I used it in the Farne Islands as a hiding place while watching birds there in the winter of 1914. It became a dirty yellow and could be seen all over the island, so one day I got some green paint for it. The day was windy. I clutched at the flapping canvas and dabbed paint on it as best I could. Then I walked away from it, and, to my astonishment, it became invisible."

LAUGHS

Mistress—But, bless me, why are you leaving us, Mary? I'm sure I do all the work. The General Servant—Yes, ma'am, but I don't like the way you do it.

Mamma—I suppose you find Robbie a rather remarkable boy, don't you? Teacher—Yes. Mamma—In what special study? Teacher—In all. He never knows a lesson in any of them.

"My wife was arrested yesterday." "You surprise me. What was the trouble?" "She got off a trolley car the right way, and a policeman thought she was a man in disguise."

Laundryman—I regret to tell you, sir, that one of your shirts is lost. Customer—But, here, I have just paid you twelve cents for doing it up. Laundryman—Quite right, sir; we laundered it before we lost it.

"Which is the starboard side of a ship?" "Why, don't you know? That's the side where the star boarder has his room." "Then why do they call the other side the port side?" "Because that's where the porter sleeps."

"Oh, dear!" sighed small Harry. "I wish I was a clock." "Why do you wish that, Harry?" asked his mother. "'Cause I wouldn't have to wash my face and hands, then," explained the little fellow.

"What I want," said the young man, "is to get married, and have a peaceful, happy home." "Well," said Farmer Corntossel, "sometimes it works that way, and then again, sometimes it's like joining a debating society."

BRIEF BUT POINTED

MICE THRIVE ON BARREN ISLE

Carriacou Island, a small piece of land in the Great Salt Lake on which there is an abundant supply of roofing slate, is infested with mice, according to Eli F. Taylor, of the United States land office. A recent visit to the island by Mr. Taylor for survey purposes brought out the tale of the rodents.

There is no fresh water and no other sign of life on the island except the mice, and how they manage to survive is a mystery.

PRODUCTION OF COAL

Wood is to-day being deposited in swamps over most of the earth. The necessary elements required to make coal are an abundance of wood to be submerged, a marsh full of water for the wood to lie in and a supply of mud to cover the wood occasionally to seal it up from decay. Wherever these conditions are fulfilled wood is preserved. The first form it takes is peat. Peat differs from wood in that it is slightly oxidized, but otherwise its structure is unchanged. The second stage of coal is lignite. Here the woody structure is still discernible, but the lignifying process has gone further. The third stage is bituminous coal, of brown, and woody fossils in it are somewhat rare.

\$918.50 IN GOLD COIN FOUND IN OLD HOME

Speaking of "treasure trove," \$912.50 in gold coins has been found in a century-old house in Brookville, Ky., and so far the legal ownership has not been established.

While the house was being torn down a tin can containing \$900 in \$10 and \$20 gold pieces was found. The house was occupied by John Lee and family more than fifty years prior to the death of Mr. and Mrs. Lee twenty-five years ago. A church congregation bought the building for a parsonage and lately, desiring to erect a new parsonage, sold the old house.

A. R. Langley, liveryman, bought it. The money was found by his son Hansford. There is much discussion as to the ownership of the money, but Langley has it.

SHELL EXPLODES IN MARBLE RING

With fifty or more boys watching, a dozen boys yesterday were engaged in a marble contest in the city playground, Camden, N. J., when, according to the police, Harry Grindorff, fourteen, arrived with a huge loaded shell.

According to the police, Grindorff swung the shell about his head and laughingly said: "I wonder what would happen if I threw this thing over my head." He dropped the shell, the police say.

It struck the pavement and a terrific explosion resulted.

The marble players and watchers, including Grindorff, were hurled on their feet. They were all severely injured, believing a bomb had been set off. When the smoke cleared, Grindorff, John Triano and William Benhof were found lying unconscious.

A fragment of the shell had pierced Triano's

abdomen. Grindorff and Benhof were injured and were taken to Cooper Hospital. The Triano boy is probably mortally injured. According to the police and boys said the shell was bought from a man living in the vicinity of the playground.

COMMA MAKES BIG DIFFERENCE

Winston Churchill is being extolled by his publishers as a paragon of accuracy because he insists on revising four sets of proofs of his forthcoming book, but it would be difficult for any writer to beat the meticulous care with which Thomas Campbell corrected and corrected his poems in the press. On one occasion he actually walked six miles to his printer's and six miles back in order to change a comma into a semicolon, says the *Detroit News*. Doubtless he was justified, for the difference a punctuation mark can make was revealed in the case of one of the best known lines in the English language.

When Gray sent his famous "Elegy" to the printer the first line read: "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day." The printer, not understanding the use of "tolls" as an intransitive verb, deleted the comma, so that it read "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day." When the poet saw the line he at once recognized its new sustained melody, and adopted the printer's correction.

LIONS AND LEOPARDS LAY SIEGE TO FARMS

Farmhouses in the bush bordering on the northern Rhodesian frontier have recently been in a state of siege owing to the activities of lions. The animals have come out of the jungle in daylight and attacked the farm animals, carrying off some of them.

In some cases the natives working on the farms have been attacked, and several have been killed. The lions are often joined by leopards and have appeared in such numbers that the settlers are forced to go about only in large groups and to keep a constant guard over their families and stock.

The wife of a railroad employee reports a thrilling adventure in this connection. Mrs. McLean left her home at Gaborone a day before last morning, bringing a rifle and two large lions on the back. She was so afraid that she could not retreat and intended to fight for her life, but at the first shot the animals ran. She then proceeded and shortly came across a big leopard eating an ox. The leopard also made a hasty getaway, but followed Mrs. McLean for some time.

Arriving at the farm she found it had been attacked for several weeks by the animals and many cattle had been lost. Next day she was escorted back to her home by a neighbor and ten natives, who, on leaving Mrs. McLean, found they had been tricked all the way by lions. Mrs. McLean's escape was probably due to the fact that the animals had eaten their fill of oxen.

PLUCK AND LUCK

ITEMS OF INTEREST

A WEST INDIAN SNAKE

Fer-de-lance is the name given by the West Indian creoles to the lance-headed or yellow viper, a large and very venomous serpent of the warm parts of America. It is from five to seven feet long and capable of making considerable springs when in pursuit of prey or some object which has irritated it. Its bite is often fatal; the only antidote of any avail seems to be, as in the bites of other venomous snakes, strong alcoholic drinks. This snake infests the sugar plantations of Brazil and the West Indian Islands, and it is dreaded alike by man and beast. While it possesses no rattle, it is closely allied to the rattle-snake tribe. Its tail ends in a horny spine, which scrapes harshly against rough objects, but does not rattle. A traveler writing on the island of Martinique says: "If by some rare chance you encounter a person who has lost an arm or leg you can almost certainly conclude that you are looking at a victim of the fer-de-lance, the serpent whose venom putrifies living tissue."

PYRAMID SOLE SURVIVOR OF ANCIENT WORLD WONDERS

Save for one surviving pyramid, the seven wonders of the ancient world have passed on. Not only have they disappeared, but their memory is mostly confined to the pages of old books. Strangely enough, the one surviving wonder is the oldest. It dates back almost 4,000 years before Christ, and it is still in good condition. It is the pyramid of Cheops at Ghizeh, in Egypt. The most notable thing about the pyramid was the care taken to protect it from grave robbers. All the entrances were sealed. There were several large chambers near the base of the structure built to mislead any one seeking the sepulchral chamber. This was 138 feet above the ground and could be reached only by tortuous passages, cleverly concealed, says the Detroit News.

The walls of Babylon were the second wonder. The third wonder was the statue of Zeus in the temple at Ephesus. The fifth was the mausoleum of Halicarnassus in Caria. The sixth was the Colossus of Rhodes and the seventh was the lighthouse of Alexandria at Pharos. It was Antipater of Palestine, the Baedeker of the ancient world, who selected the seven wonders about 209 years before the birth of Christ.

EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS IN ENGLAND

The east coast of England has been disturbed by frequent earth tremors of increasing violence during recent months. The last series of four shocks in Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire was of sufficient strength to upset a score of chimneys and break glass.

The tremors have caused a small panic among the people of the northern counties and they are now living in fear of a more severe shock. The

perts of the British Meteorological Department say that such frequency of tremors has hitherto been unknown in England, and that in the past they have rarely occurred more than once in every eight or ten years and then with but little force. However, it is believed that there is little danger of any widespread upheaval.

The department was warned several months ago by an Italian seismological student that there would be a series of minor shocks felt in England.

Two shocks felt in the south of England consisted for the most part only of a dull noise, followed by a slight shaking, but these are gradually becoming louder and more frequent. The only immediate danger is said to be in the case of deep mines.

LOOK, BOYS! TRAPEZEE

The Acrobatic Wonder Toy

ALMOST HUMAN IN ITS ACTIONS!

It consists of a handsome parallel iron frame on which the little yellow man accurately performs like an athlete.

Five Different Stunts —

THE FLYING TRAPEZE — Release the trigger-pin and the figure swings forward, gripping the brass trapeze-bar, turns a somersault in the air and catches a cross-bar by his heels.

THROUGH THE LOOP — A swift swing and he goes through a wire loop, makes a turn and, catching by his heels, swings head downward from a bar.

THE GIANT SWING — He goes forward with a rush, releases the trapeze, catches a horizontal-bar with his heels, makes two swift somersaults in the air and catches by his heels again.

He performs two more horizontal-bar acts with the grace and agility of a circus star, and many new ones can be invented.

The Most Wonderful Toy in the World!

PRICE \$1.50

The collapsible stand and the little manikin are neatly packed in a handsome box. Delivered anywhere in the United States on receipt of price. Address

WOLFF NOVELTY CO.,

166 W. 23d St., New York City, N. Y.



"The Best Hunch I Ever Had!"

"It happened just three years ago. I was feeling pretty blue. Pay day had come around again and the raise I'd hoped for wasn't there. It began to look as though I was to spend my life checking orders at a small salary.

"I picked up a magazine to read. It fell open at a familiar advertisement, and a coupon stared me in the face. Month after month for years I'd been seeing that coupon, but never until that moment had I thought of it as meaning anything to me. But this time I read the advertisement twice—yes, *every word!*

"Two million men, it said, had made that coupon the first stepping stone toward success. In every line of business, men were getting splendid salaries because they had torn out that coupon. Mechanics had become foremen and superintendents—carpenters had become architects and contractors—clerks *like me* had become sales, advertising and business managers because they had used that coupon.

"Suppose that I . . . ? What if by studying at home nights I really could learn to do something besides check orders? I had a hunch to find out—and then and there I tore out that coupon, marked it, and mailed it.

"That was the turn in the road for me. The Schools at Scranton suggested just the course of training I needed and they worked with me every hour I had to spare.

"In six months I was in charge of my division. In a year my salary had been doubled. And I've been advancing ever since. Today I was appointed

manager of our Western office at \$5,000 a year. Tearing out that coupon three years ago was the best hunch I ever had."

For thirty years, the International Correspondence Schools have been helping men to win promotion, to earn more money, to have happy, prosperous homes, to get ahead in business and in life.

You, too, can have the position you want in the work you like best. Yes, you can! All we ask is the chance to prove it.

Without cost, without obligation, just mark and mail this coupon. Do it right now!

— — — — — TEAR OUT HERE — — — — —
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 4500, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING DEPARTMENT

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Organization | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Letters |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Foreign Trade |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Banking Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicholson Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Spanish | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating |
| <input type="checkbox"/> French | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Blue Print Reading |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing and Heating |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines | |

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____
Country _____
For the training in Canada send this coupon to the
International Correspondence Schools, Canadian Branch, Montreal, Canada.



1924 Paramount model, blue steel, New, positive safety. A world beater. Shoots 7 Shots. Regular \$22.50 value, special at \$6.75. Shoots any standard automatic cartridge.

PAY POSTMAN ON DELIVERY, plus postage.
PARAMOUNT TRADING CO., Dept. P&F, 34 W. 28th St., N. Y.

TOBACCO, LIQUOR and MORPHINE
Habits can be overcome with the aid of **HILL'S CHLORIDE OF GOLD PREPARATIONS**. Liquor remedy can be given secretly. Particulars Free.

OHIO CHEMICAL WORKS,
Dept. 6, Westfield, N. Y.

OLD MONEY WANTED
\$2 to \$500 EACH paid for hundreds of old coins. Keep ALL Old or odd money, it may be VERY valuable. Send 10 cts. for ILLUSTRATED COIN VALUE BOOK, 4x8. Get Posted. We pay CASH.
CLARKE COIN CO., Ave 13, LeRoy, N. Y.



**Come On,
Scouts!**

Let's Hear You Play

"Dig down in the old kit and pull out your Hohner. We're going to stage a contest and see 'who's who' when it comes to music. Every fellow that can whistle a tune has a chance in this exhibition. We're going to start a harmonica band and we want to know who's going to lead it. Tune up and let's hear what you've got in the way of harmony."

The World's Best

There's nothing like good music in camp or on the trail; and there's nothing like a Hohner for good music.

Get a Hohner Harmonica today and play it tonight. 50c up at all dealers. Ask for the Free Instruction Book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 13, New York City.

**HOHNER
HARMONICAS**

**FREE
DIAMOND RING OFFER**



Just to advertise the famous Hawaiian Im. diamonds, the greatest discovery the world has ever known. All these rings hand engraved, platinum finish, set with the famous Hawaiian Im. diamonds. If you can tell them from genuine diamonds, send them back. Send size of finger; when ring arrives deposit price with postmaster. Keep it and send three of your friends each one, and we will send you a beautiful ring absolutely free. If not satisfactory return and money refunded.

KRAUTH and REED
385 W. Madison St., Dept. 620, Chicago, Ill.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE

Is now more than ever the key-note of success. Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women, both young and old, will be glad to hear that I have now ready for market my new appliance, which will successfully straighten within a short time bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. Will not interfere with your daily work, being worn at night. My new "Lim-Straightner," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its result will save you soon from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent.

Write today for my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation on your part. Enclose a dime for postage.

M. TRILETY, SPECIALIST
997 L. Ackerman Building, Binghamton, N. Y.

Factory to Rider

cycle you select from 44 Styles, colors and sizes. Delivered free of charge. 30 Days Free Trial.

\$5 a Month

Tires

Mead CYCLE COMPANY
1001 N. CHICAGO

PIMPLES

Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch, Redness, Enlarged Pores and Oily or Sallow Skin.

FREE Write today for my FREE Pimple Cure. A CLEAR SKIN CURE. I cured myself after that ghastly 10 years.

\$1000 Cash says I can clear your skin of the above blemishes.

E.S. GIVENS, 195 Chestnut St., Kansas City, Mo.



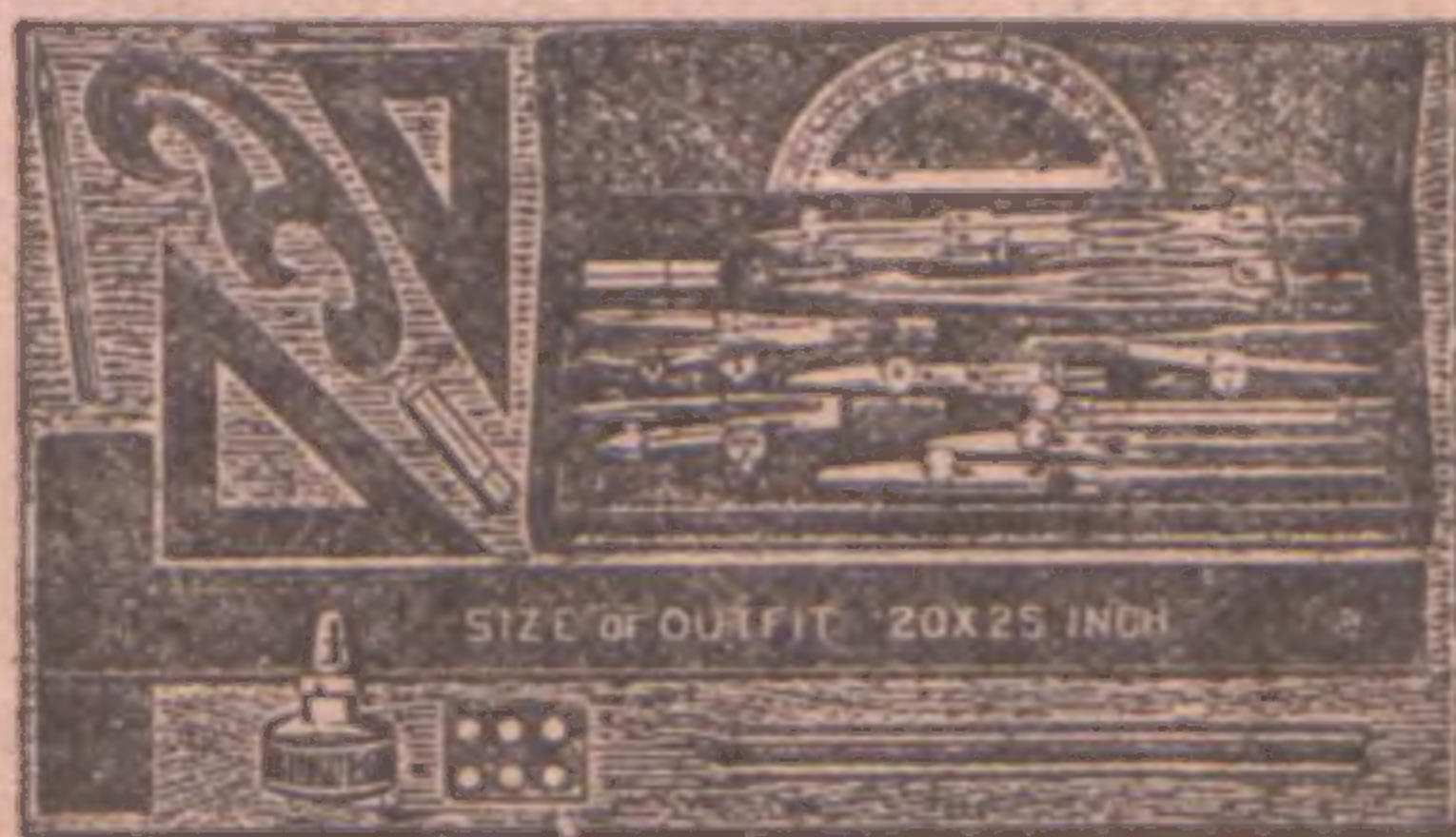
Copy This Drawing Table — Get It **FREE**

On My Offer to Students

Any one of 16 years or older, sending in a sketch of the drawing of draftsman's table shown here, will receive free and postpaid an Ivorine draftsman's pocket rule.

Complete Draftsman's Outfit Also **FREE**

These are the regular working instruments—the kind I use myself. The same kind that you will use when you have completed my course and have become a regular draftsman. Its value is \$25.00. I give them free if you enroll at once. This outfit includes Nickel Silver drawing instruments, drawing board, T square, triangles, French curve, ink, ruler, pencil, besides the free draftsman's table. Send in the coupon for information.



Salaries Up to \$250 to \$300 a Month

\$90 Drafting Course Given Away!

To every student enrolling now I give an opportunity of getting a \$90 drafting course absolutely without cost to him. Even if you don't send in a sketch send in the coupon today and learn all about this offer.

Positions paying up to \$250 and \$300 per month which ought to be filled by skilled draftsmen are vacant everywhere. There are in every part of this country ambitious men, who with practical training and personal assistance will be qualified to fill the positions. I can now take and train a limited number of students personally and I will give to those students a guarantee to train them by mail UNTIL placed in a permanent position at a salary up to \$250 and \$300 per month.

FREE this Rule



and also 6 x 9 Book on "Successful Draftsmanship" Act quick.

Chief Draftsman, Engineers' Equipment Co.
1951 Lawrence Ave., Div. 10-96 Chicago, Ill.

Chief Draftsman, Engineer's Equipment Co.
1951 Lawrence Ave., Div. 10-96 Chicago, Ill.

Without any obligation to me please mail your book "Successful Draftsmanship" and full particulars of your liberal "Personal Training" offer to a few students. Also full information as to how I can get a \$90 Drafting Course Free. Send Ruler to me **FREE**.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Age.....

PLUCK AND LUCK

— LATEST ISSUES —

- 1318 The Swamp Rats; or, The Boys Who Fought for Washington.
- 1319 Nino, the Wonder of the Air; A Story of Circus Life.
- 1320 A Fireman at Sixteen; or, Through Flame and Smoke.
- 1321 100 Feet Above the Housetops; or, The Mystery of the Old Church Steeple.
- 1322 The Boy Explorers; or, Abandoned in the Land of Ice.
- 1323 The Mystery of the Volcano; A True Story of Mexico.
- 1324 Fighting with Washington; or, The Boy Regiment of the Revolution.
- 1325 The Smartest Boy in Philadelphia; or, Dick Rollins' Fight for a Living.
- 1326 The White Boy Chief; or, The Terror of the North Platte.
- 1327 The Boy Senator; or, How He Won His Toga.
- 1328 Napoleon's Boy Guardsman; or, A Hero at Eighteen.
- 1329 Driven Adrift; or, The Trip of the Daisy.
- 1330 Bob the Walf; or, A Story of Life in New York.
- 1331 The Wildest Boy in New York; or, Saved at the Brink.
- 1332 Bushwhacker Ben; or, The Union Boys of Tennessee.
- 1333 The Night Riders of Ravenswood; A Strange Story of Arizona.
- 1334 Phil the Boy Fireman; or, Through the Flames to Victory.
- 1335 The Boy Slave; or, A Young New Yorker in Central America.
- 1336 Dunning & Co.; or, The Boy Brokers.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 7c. per copy, in money or postage stamps.

THE FOLLOWING NUMBERS PRICE 8 CENTS

- 1337 Daniel Boone's Best Shot; or, The Perils of the Kentucky Pioneers.
- 1338 Ollie, The Office Boy; or, The Struggles of a Poor Walf.
- 1339 The Two Boy Stowaways; or, A Strange Voyage On a Doomed Ship.
- 1340 Columbia; or, The Young Firemen of Glendale.
- 1341 Paddling On the Amazon; or, Three Boy Canoeists in South America.
- 1342 Happy Jack, the Daring Spy; A Story of the Great Rebellion.
- 1343 Nameless Nat; or, A Millionaire in Rags.
- 1344 The Boy Mail Carrier; or, Government Service in Minnesota.
- 1345 The Boy Messenger of Russia; or, The Czar's Secret Despatch Bearer.
- 1346 Monte Cristo, Jr.; or, The Diamonds of the Borgias.
- 1347 The Boy Privateer Captain; or, Lost on a Nameless Sea.
- 1348 The Boys in Blue; or, Football Champions of Cherryville.
- 1349 From Bootblack to Broker; or, The Luck of a Wall Street Boy.
- 1350 The Block House Boys; or, The Young Pioneers of the Great Lakes.
- 1351 The White Boy Slaves; or, The Student Exiles of Siberia.
- 1352 A Coral Prison; or, The Two Boy Hermits of the Indian Ocean.
- 1353 Dick "I Will"; or, The Plucky Flight of a Boy Orphan.
- 1354 Larry of the Lantern; or, The Smugglers of the Irish Coast.
- 1355 My Chum Charlie; or, The Strange Adventures of Two New York Boys.

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.,

166 West 23d Street.

New York City

SCENARIOS HOW TO WRITE THEM

Price 35 Cents Per Copy

This book contains all the most recent changes in the method of construction and submission of scenarios. Sixty Lessons, covering every phase of scenario writing. For sale by all Newsdealers and Bookstores. If you cannot procure a copy, send us the price, 35 cents, in money or postage stamps, and we will mail you one, postage free. Address:

L. Senarens, 210 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

OUR TEN-CENT HAND BOOKS

Useful, Instructive, and Amusing. They contain Valuable Information on Almost Every Subject.

No. 57. **HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.**—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Aeolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald, for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

No. 58. **HOW TO BECOME A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, inductions coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—The most original joke book ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day.

No. 67. **HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 68. **HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.**—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 69. **HOW TO DO SLEIGHT-OF-HAND.**—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated.

No. 72. **HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.**—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations.

No. 73. **HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.**—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

No. 74. **HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.**—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition, with specimen letters.

No. 76. **HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.**—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated.

No. 77. **HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.**—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurers and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

No. 79. **HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man.

No. 80. **GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

No. 82. **HOW TO DO PALMISTRY.**—Containing the most approved methods of reading the lines on the hand, together with a full explanation of their meaning. Also explaining phrenology, and the key for telling character by the bumps on the head. By Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S. Fully illustrated.

No. 84. **HOW TO BECOME AN AUTHOR.**—Containing information regarding choice of subjects, the use of words and the manner of preparing and submitting manuscript. Also containing valuable information as to the neatness, legibility and general composition of manuscript.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 10c. per copy, in money or stamps, by

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.

166 West 23d Street

New York City

PLUCK

— L.

1318 The Swamp Rat
Washington

1319 Nino, the
Life.

1320 A Fireman
Smoke.

1321 100 Feet
the Old

1322 The Boy
of Ice

1323 The M
Mexico

1324 Fight
of it

1325 The S
line

1326 The
P'

1327 The

1328 Na

1329 Dr

1330 B

1331 T

1332 B

1333 T

250